The
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A DREAM OF THE PAST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MRS. HELEN A. MANVILLE.

You said you loved me in the days long *dne*,
And I, believing with a woman's trust,
Built regal castles of those dreams of mine,
And called them finished, saying moth or rust
Shall never eat their supple strength away,
For faith shall be their granite base alway.

To-day my heart is heavy with its loss;
Not only lie my castles at my feet,
But I must bear the heavy cross
That makes my life so incomplete.
Fame lured your feet to climb her dizzy height;
From hope's fair book I had not read aright.

One who has mastered song, has sung,
"Whom first we love in truth we seldom wed."
The heart we covet so when we are young,
Perchance will leave the story all unsaid;
And mine is but the sorrowing, sad refrain,
The joy has passed me by that "might have been."

A JAPANESE PARTY AT BREAKFAST.

The food of the Japanese consists of a great variety of vegetables—seaweeds not excepted—of game poultry, and fish—which last is the standing dish of *every* Japanese table. Flesh meat, except venison, is very seldom eaten by them. Rice is used instead of bread; and tea is taken at every meal. Fruits and sweetmeats are also much used. The food is cut into small pieces, and then served up in basins of porcelain, or japanned wood, on a small wooden salver, *apart to each*, as shown in the engraving. They use chopsticks, like the Chinese. Soup they generally drink directly out of the bowl, though occasionally a porcelain spoon is used. The place of honor among them is the *left* hand, because the *swords* are worn on that side.

The Japanese are noted for their hospitality. Not content with inviting guests to a grand dinner, they expect them to bring servants with them, that they may carry off with them what they are unable to eat at table! They astonished Commodore Perry and his officers by taking away all that was left of the feast which he gave them on board the flag-ship—and by sending on board all that was left of the feast which they gave to him and his officers on shore!

LEONIE'S MYSTERY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

AUTHOR OF "SAVED AT LAST," "THE COST OF A SECRET," "RACHEL HOLMES," ETC.

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CHAPTER XIII.

Like most people disappointed in their plans, Mrs. Gresham had not magnanimity enough to bear her mortification and Milly's conduct with any degree of patience.

She sat holding Walter Thorman's letter in her hand, as yet too confused and angry to see her way at all clearly. Before she had composed her mind beyond the desire to rush up-stairs to Milly and overwhelm her with reproaches Adelaide Ramsay hurried into the room, having seized the earliest opportunity to acquaint her mother with the affair of the dinner party in spite of Thorman's prohibition.

Mrs. Gresham was looking so amazed and white that Adelaide knew something extraordinary had occurred; she glanced at the note, recognized Thorman's writing, and jumped at a conclusion in a flash.

"Has he broken with her?" she demanded breathlessly. "I don't blame him in the least—any man would have done the same! I only wonder you don't turn her out of the house—to lose a match like that—but she deserves it all and more."

Mrs. Gresham just leaned back in her chair and stared at her—evidently people had conspired to drive her out of her senses! what was there she did not know—what further mystery at the bottom of Milly's conduct and Thorman's departure?

"I don't wonder you look as if you had fallen from the clouds, mamma," pursued Adelaide, "I never heard anything to equal it in my life—never! But what does he say? Let me see his letter."

Mrs. Gresham allowed her to snatch the epistle and sat steadying her dizzy head on her hand while Mrs. Ramsay perused it.

"Gone to Europe—actually gone!" exclaimed Adelaide. "Well, Miss Milly has settled her affairs finely. 'Leave the explanation to your niece,'" she read aloud, "'who brought our engagement so decidedly to an end—oh, that's all nonsense, you know! But it is very good natured of him to let her have the credit of breaking it off—but he did it—any man would—and so proud as Walter Thorman is—"

"In the name of heaven, Adelaide, tell me what you mean?" broke in Mrs. Gresham. "Milly has driven me nearly crazy this morning, and now you seem determined to finish the work."

"What have I done, mamma? You don't expect me to take her part—the ungrateful little minx! I think Thorman has done right—he ought to have thrown her over."

"I don't know what you mean," groaned poor Mrs. Gresham. "Milly broke the engagement herself, and the maddest thing it was that ever girl did."

"I tell you that is all nonsense—of course one must say so—it's the only loop hole for her."

"I declare I shall go mad!" cried her mother. "Do talk sense, Adelaide—what is it all?"

"Why, mamma, I do think your brain is turned! I am sure I speak plainly enough! It was the quarrel about the dinner that made him do it. I came to tell you, but it seems Milly had to confess it herself."

"Dinner?" repeated Mrs. Gresham.—"What dinner, Adelaide?"

"Then you don't know—she didn't tell you?"

"Tell me what? Heavens and earth, Adelaide, what is it?"

Mrs. Ramsay perceived that her news had not been forestalled, and she burst out with the energy peculiar to people when able to impart unpleasant tidings in regard to some one they dislike.

"Day before yesterday Milly went to a dinner party at Paul Andrews's—Thorman found it out, and that made the trouble."

Mrs. Gresham rose from her chair and sank back; she could only repeat in a choked voice—

"Went to a dinner party at Paul Andrews's?"

"Yes, mamma; Mrs. Wallace took her! Andrews did it just to vex Thorman—he hates him. Milly ought to be shut up in a convent—she ought to be whipped—there's nothing bad enough for her! Now you understand it all—Thorman has broken with her."

Mrs. Gresham's first impulse was to fly in search of Milly with some undefined idea of putting an end to her at once, but she controlled herself and made Adelaide relate such particulars as she could vouch for—it was difficult to keep Adelaide's imagination down to a plain statement of facts, having a great talent for embroidery—ending with the interview which she had personally interrupted at the ball, in describing which she was able to employ her most gorgeous colors, and her mother could not demand authority.

"I always told you she was the worst girl in the world—I hope you are satisfied now," she exclaimed by way of conclusion. "The idea of spoiling her as you have—of leaving her in Mrs. Wallace's charge—I thought you were mad at the time."

Mrs. Gresham was not a worm to endure even the slightest trampling meekly; no, although it was the most humiliating hour of her life.

"You would not see after her," she said; "you are almost as much to blame as Milly."

"There, mamma! You needn't attempt a word of that sort; I am married now, and my days for being lectured are over! I don't like Milly—I never did—I wasn't going to bother myself about her. She has ruined the best chance she will ever have, and I wash my hands of her."

"What will people say?" moaned Mrs. Gresham.

"Say she deserves it," said Mrs. Ramsay viciously.

"Adelaide," urged her mother, "for all our sakes we must say she broke the engagement—Thorman's letter is proof of that."

"Oh, say whatever you please; I have no objection to repeat it; but people will believe what they choose. I've done—I shan't speak another word—only I don't pity her in the least."

"Pity her?" cried Mrs. Gresham. "I ought to put her in a straight jacket!"

"A very good idea, mamma! I am going—where is Maud? I want to see her a moment about that worsted work; I suppose she has been too lazy to finish it."

She took herself and her finery out of the room, dismissing all thoughts of Milly's troubles in her own particular desires, and leaving her mother to her reflections.

After a few moments, Mrs. Gresham rose and went up-stairs, determined, as the children say, "to have it out with Milly." But when she reached the chamber she found the girl really asleep, and she looked so pale and ill that Mrs. Gresham had not the heart to obey her first impulse of wakening her. She could not help being sorry for her, angry as she was, so she went away; but out of sight of Milly's worn face, her wrath increased, and a restless night did not leave her in a more placable mood.

At noon Milly had not come down stairs, and Mrs. Gresham having several calls to make, went off without seeing her. During her visits she learned, to her horror, that what Milly had done was quite well known, and Thorman was said to have left her in consequence. There was no doubt that those ill-natured reports would hurt her dreadfully—and any hope of seeing her safely married and out of the way, grew fainter and fainter in Mrs. Gresham's mind.

She did the best she could; to those who knew of the engagement, she avowed that Milly had dissolved it—showed Thorman's letter to a favored few—but people are not easily made to believe what they would rather not. Mrs. Gresham went to confront Mrs. Wallace—she must have that little spark of satisfaction. I suppose few women ever got a more dreadful "wigging" from one of their own sex, than rattle-brained Mrs. Wallace received from Miss Gresham.

To make matters worse, Mrs. Wallace was as impulsively warm-hearted as she was careless. She had only taken Milly to the dinner for the fun of the thing, and was truly grieved to hear that it had been the means of bringing such trouble on her.

"I never was so sorry," she said, over and over again; "if ever I can make it up to little Milly, I will—indeed I will."

"Please to let her alone in future," retorted Mrs. Gresham, at last; "that is all I ask of you."

Mrs. Wallace was not even angry; she continued her remorseful apologies to the moment Mrs. Gresham left in a state of subdued fury. Indeed, the widow went about doing battle valiantly for Milly; declared point blank that Milly never went to the dinner—and when that did not answer, averred that Milly went with her not knowing whose house it was, and that she hurried away as soon as she discovered the truth. She affirmed that Thorman had flirted so outrageously with Leonie Dormer that Milly could no longer endure it. I am bound to say, that in her desire to screen her favorite, she blackened poor Leonie's character most unmercifully, and committed numberless sins in the way of untruths generally.

She brought on a fierce quarrel between herself and Andrews; she fought so like a dragon, right and left, that one really did soften the stories somewhat, but Mrs. Gresham did not forgive her any the more for that. When people have really done one an injury, it is only tantalizing to have them sorry for it and attempt to atone; one would rather they remained stoical and indifferent, so there should be no drawback to nourishing a genuine hatred and applying the objurgatory Psalms to their cases when one reads the Bible.

But while Mrs. Wallace was going about on her errands of penitence, Mrs. Gresham had descended upon Milly, almost as belligerent as the Assyrian of old, and there was no kind angel to protect the poor, foolish girl.

"I never expected to be so stunned and shocked—never!" cried Mrs. Gresham. "I could not believe it—I hardly can now! To do a thing like that—a young girl! Why, Milly Crofton, I should think you would expect a horrible judgment to follow such conduct.

"I am sorry I went, aunt, for your sake," said Milly, "but I had suffered so much—and when he neglected my note, in order to go out with that woman, I did not care what I did—I only wanted to hurt him most."

"But you have hurt yourself more!"

"After all, a great many people visit there;—oh, I don't care what they say."

"No wonder Thorman broke the engagement."

"I tell you he did not! I did that before Adelaide came in—he knew nothing of it until she told him—paid very little attention to it then."

"But this thing ought of itself to have made you effect a reconciliation, for your own sake."

Never, aunt; not if I were actually disgraced! People must say what they please—pity or blame me—believe that he left me or not—I would not be reconciled to that man if he knelt at my feet this instant."

"I don't want any more stage airs," returned Mrs. Gresham. "There is no danger of your ever seeing him again—a prouder man does not live, than Walter Thorman."

"And my pride is equal to his; it will stoop no more than he would."

"I won't have such talk, Milly—it is abominable! At least you might appear sorry."

"I will not act a lie," said Milly; "I tell you my love has gone out forever. You would not have borne it any more patiently than I did; no woman would have endured it."

"Much you know what women endure!"

"That is when it is too late to find a remedy," replied Milly. "A wife may be forced to endure such ignominy—to hold her heart fast to keep it from bursting and smile patiently. I was able to break my bonds and end my pain."

"You talk like a fool!" exclaimed the exasperated Mrs. Gresham. "I shall say no more to you."

"If you will only leave me alone, I shall be thankful."

"It is very well to do the martyr when you have done all the mischief you can; but if you had a grain of gratitude or decent feeling, you would remember the trouble this brings upon me."

"I do remember, aunt, and I am sorry for it; but I cannot help that now."

"Such a future!" groaned her aunt. "I thought you would be so happy! I was very fond of you, and proud of you; I loved you because you were like your mother—and that you should treat me so."

"I couldn't help it, aunt—I couldn't help it."

"What am I to do?" returned Mrs. Gresham, growing eloquent now that she was upon the subject of her own personal grievances. "I can't keep Maud back any longer—it wouldn't be fair, and she wouldn't submit to it. I have gone to a great deal of expense this winter—I wanted it pleasant for you; I am dreadfully cramped—I can't take you both out next year."

"I don't wish to go anywhere," said Milly; "I am willing to work—I have told you that; I will sew, teach—"

"Oh, all that nonsense is worse than the trouble you have made me already. You know I can't let you do any such thing—you know I would not; it only sounds more ungrateful than the rest."

"I didn't mean it so, aunt! I'll work at home—I'll teach the children—"

"And I had hoped so much from you," Mrs. Gresham quavered, not heeding her words. "Thorman could have got Bob into the Naval School; I could have bought that house I wanted, on my own terms, with somebody to back me! I tell you, Milly, you are the most atrocious girl I ever heard of!"

Passion was uppermost again, and she stormed so long and so violently, that she raised a corresponding tempest in Milly's mind, and the scene for the next quarter of an hour would not have been edifying to strangers.

"Let me go away," sobbed Milly, at last; "I won't stay—I tell you I will not bear such language! I'll do anything; people may think what they like! You are killing me—I shall go out of my senses, if you don't let me alone."

So then—the passion in each feminine breast exploded, as women's passion must, in hysterical sobs and cries—and they both sat and howled themselves into tolerable composure. It was altogether the best thing that could have happened; Mrs. Gresham could not talk any more, and Milly was left to weep herself to sleep—the only lullaby she was likely to find at present.

Of course this conversation was only the beginning of many similar scenes, before they had learned to look matters full in the face and call up a little resignation. It was well for Milly that her cousins were so hard upon her; Mrs. Gresham was forced to defend her a little, and that fact kept things from reaching a fatal crisis between her and her aunt.

CHAPTER XIV.

Maud would have been a perfect little wasp if she had dared, and she never failed to sting when a favorable opportunity offered. Adelaide Ramsay cast Milly off entirely, as she had told her mother she would do, but as she had always been as indifferent and cold as possible, the additional ill-nature was not sufficiently apparent to be painful. As for Hortense, the intellectual one of the family, she came far enough down from her ologies and her missions to be dreadfully shocked, but her mind was too full of the sufferings of people in the South Sea Islands and the probable appearance of the inhabitants, if any such existed, of the regions (if such there were) beyond the North Pole, that she could not be expected to dwell upon Milly's poor little troubles.

She came to the house during her first excitement, saw Milly and deluged her with wisdom and advice, but under all her learned follies she had more of her mother's heart than either of her sisters, and did not reproach her with such cruelty.

"It all comes of your having an undisciplined mind," she said. "Oh Milly, I told you long ago that you ought to undertake a course of mental philosophy, or conchology, or geology, or something really to develope your reasoning powers."

"Never mind, Hortense," replied Milly, honestly grateful to her for so much good nature; "I can study now."

Mrs. Pierson rushed into a long dissertation in which she proved satisfactorily to herself that the world could never revolve properly in its orbit until women had been differently educated. Then she branched off to praise of her own mental qualities—got upon the fertile subject of her grand occupations, and the thorough manner in which she was fulfilling her destiny, and ended with—

"If I were you, Milly, I would be a missionary!"

Mrs. Gresham entered the room in time to catch those last words, and her patience being mere thread paper in these days, exclaimed loudly—

"I vow, Hortense, you're a greater fool than Milly herself."

Hortense smiled with lofty compassion; she could not be ruffled because her wisdom was deemed folly by those who were too ignorant or too shallow-minded to comprehend its depth.

"Mamma," she said grandly, "you never did understand me, but I am not to blame for that. You may call my life foolishness—you may deem the approval of such men as Professor Driver and Dr. Bresen not worth having, but I who see clearly cannot agree with you. I repeat what I said, for I did not say it without due thought—if I were Milly I would be a missionary."

"She is about as fit for it as her white kitten to become a bishop," returned Mrs. Gresham. "Milly has thwarted her own destiny; she was meant to be rich, a woman of the world—"

"Oh mamma," sighed Hortense, "do you think there is no higher destiny than being a butterfly, thinking only of dress and trivial amusements, of the attractions of wealth and the enervating weakness in which most women pass their lives?"

"Hortense," said her mother, "I am not going to argue! I am quite willing to admit that in your case, books and the lofty-minded style succeeded admirably. But it strikes me that in spite of all your wisdom, you were not at all unwilling to marry a rich man, that you think as much of dress as the rest of us, and enjoy your learned dinners and your wise reunions in quite as dissipated a way as we do balls and operas."

Hortense smiled benignly—a smile meant

to express the world of difference between their amusements and the lighter pursuits with which she varied the important duties of her life.

"If Milly were like Angelone Davideon, she might lecture."

Mrs. Gresham shrieked.

"Only a prejudice on your part, mamma," interposed Hortense, equably.

"Don't go on, at all events," shivered Mrs. Gresham.

Hortense smoothed her ruffles, smiled, meditated an overflowing burst of eloquence, concluded that it would not be worth the trouble considering the audience she should have, and continued—

"If it had pleased Heaven to make her a woman of genius, she might have *written* or painted."

"It did not," said Mrs. Gresham, "and I thank Heaven for it. She has given me trouble enough, as it is; goodness knows what would have happened, if she had felt soul-pinings and aspirations."

"She is indeed happier; the children of genius suffer anguish of which the world little dreams;" and Hortense sighed as if she had a soul as full of poetry and pangs as Sappho herself.

"There is only one thing for Milly to do," said Mrs. Gresham; "let her write to Thorman—let her say—"

"Stop, aunt," interposed Milly; "it is useless to go over all that again—I have told you I would die first."

"Your obstinacy will kill me," cried Mrs. Gresham; "I cannot endure this much longer."

"Mamma," said Hortense, assuming the attitude she affected when about to get off something particularly brilliant, "in some respects, Milly is right—woman's dignity must be maintained! I am sorry for her in all ways—but I say frankly, suffering is good for the girl, bitterness is a tonic. Let Milly press her thorn to her side and go unflinchingly on—out of the darkness and trouble will come consolation and wisdom."

"I have seen that much better expressed in one of Charlotte Bronte's books," thought Milly, but held her peace.

Mrs. Gresham was goaded beyond endurance, and exclaimed—

"If you can't do better than uphold Milly in her wickedness, you had better be silent, Hortense."

"I do not uphold her, mamma; I blame her—but I pity her, too, because I see so plainly the causes which have brought this affliction upon her. Women's minds are not properly developed—women's souls not thoroughly roused from the chaotic—"

"Hortense," snapped her mother, "you may just as well stop—for I don't understand one word you are saying."

Hortense sighed, then smiled again; rose, shook out her flounces, and prepared to depart.

"It seems my advice cannot aid you," she said, with serene pity for their weakness in her voice. "Professor Drivler says he would rather consult my opinion, than that of all the scientific men in New York—but—well neither you nor Milly are Professor Drivler."

Milly thought of the Professor's crooked nose, that always went round a corner before him, and congratulated herself on the fact her cousin had stated.

"Oh, Hortense," said Mrs. Gresham, unable to control herself; "you are a pretty woman, you really have a fair share of brain, but your elogies and the flattery you get are turning your head."

"Mamma, Jean Paul Richter says—"

"I don't care what he says! The opinion of a musty old Dutchman isn't going to help me out of my troubles."

"Oh, mamma, if we could only learn to receive troubles aright! The crushed grape yields the wine—"

"But I am not a crushed grape."

Milly actually laughed; a thing she had not done in days.

"You may find something to laugh at, but I don't," said her aunt, adopting the injured tone at once.

"Mamma," said Hortense, "You are *so* worldly."

"I suppose I was intended to be, or I should be sent somewhere else to live! It is easy for you to talk—not a care in the world—plenty of money—your household affairs troubling you no more than if such things did not exist."

"Do you think my mind is to be brought down to a level like that?" demanded Hortense, vehemently. "Do you suppose I would fold up my talents in table-cloths, and consult about what I should eat?"

"Nevertheless, you seem to enjoy your good dinners as much as any one."

"I could dine off the simplest fare," returned Hortense, "provided I had intellectual friends to share it."

"But you wouldn't have them," retorted her mother; "they take good care to carry their intellectuality where nice dinners are to be found."

Hortense held up her hands in holy horror of such heretical opinions; as she did so, her eye caught a new bracelet she wore.

"Isn't it pretty?" she said, extending her arm towards Milly. "It was the only one Tiffany had."

Milly thought bitterly—

"They would talk of themselves and their petty affairs, if I lay here dead! Hortense is better than the other girls—but even she has no more heart than one of her big books; and Aunt Eliza is killing me with her uncertain tempers—one moment pitying me, the next abusing me for my ingratitude."

"Adelaide will be horribly vexed," said Mrs. Gresham; "she told me about that bracelet yesterday, and said she had almost teased Mr. Ramsay into buying it."

Hortense smiled complacently; in spite of her lofty aims, she was woman enough thoroughly to enjoy the delight of possessing a thing somebody else had been eager to procure.

"I think little of such trifles," she observed, with superb indifference; "if I had to wheedle and tease, as Adelaide does to obtain them, I should go without."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Gresham, doubtfully.

"Oh, won't she go away?" thought Milly. "I shall hate them all soon! If I was only alone—away in a Western forest, where no human being could reach me."

But the Western forest was not accessible; she had to remain quiet and receive Hortense's parting words of counsel.

"You ought not to sit down and idly grieve," she began—but Milly flashed up at once; anything like pity she would not endure.

"I am not grieving; I have nothing to grieve over—be good enough to understand that, Hortense."

"Nothing to grieve over?" cried her aunt. "Oh, you wicked girl—and the trouble you have given me—the pain and disappointment!"

"I did not mean that, aunt; you know perfectly well what I intended to say; I am sorry to grieve you, heartily sorry; but the trouble I have not."

"Then you really did break off the engagement?" asked Hortense.

"I did, and would again."

Mrs. Gresham leaned back in her chair and emitted the most dolorous groan to which she had yet given vent; she had become an adept in the art during the past days, but this latest effort was such a triumph that it fairly startled her listeners.

"Why, Adelaide said he did it," returned Hortense, as soon as she had sufficiently recovered from the effects of her mother's opening the safety-valve to speak.

"Adelaide is a chattering magpie!" cried Mrs. Gresham, roused to speech again. "Things are bad enough; she needn't try to disgrace Milly more by spreading such reports."

"Oh, she only told me; she will be careful before the world, but among ourselves—"

"Among ourselves the matter need not be discussed," interrupted Milly, with the new firmness and decision she had gained. "Please to understand, Hortense, once for all, that I broke my engagement with Mr. Thorman because I found I did not love him—I never wish to hear his name mentioned."

"That is the way she goes on," said Mrs. Gresham disconsolately; "it is enough to drive me mad."

"But, mamma, if she found that a youthful fancy had deceived her, it was wise to pause in time."

"I shall go to my own room," replied Mrs. Gresham, rising; "I will not hear such talk! If you choose to uphold Milly in her sin—"

"I don't; you misunderstand. Looked at from a worldly point of view—and one of the worst features of the life and education of the present age is the fact that we must be worldly—Milly has done a very unwise thing."

"I don't want advice, Hortense," exclaimed Milly; "my aunt is the only person who has a right to offer it."

"And much attention you pay," retorted Mrs. Gresham.

Hortense did not allow her equanimity to be disturbed by Milly's hasty words; she only looked pityingly at them both, thinking what weak creatures they were, and how differently she would behave in the place of either.

"You comprehend me as little as my mother does, Milly," said she with her grandest air. "But I must go; I have to attend the meeting of the Shirt-Sewers' Union, and see the committee on the Hayti fund, and Professor Drivler dines with us—oh, Milly, and Mrs. Tonguay, too—if you could only hear her talk, it would do you a world of good."

Milly shuddered at the bare idea.

"I don't want to hear anybody talk," she said; "my head aches bad enough now."

"And my heart aches," added her aunt in a voice like Camille. "I do think I am the most unfortunate woman in the world—what your poor mother would say if she were alive, I cannot tell."

Milly remembered how that mother had suffered, and she softened her heart by the thought of the sympathy she would have had for her distress, and a wish rose in her mind to be quietly at rest by that mother's side under the green turf, far away from the bustle and weariness of this life.

"Well," said Hortense, buttoning her lavender glove, "I can say nothing to either of you. Mine would be a life thrown away indeed, if my opinion were of as little importance everywhere as it is here."

"Now, Hortense," interposed her mother, "don't talk nonsense."

"O, mamma, it is so—I can see it plainly! Not that I am angry—I only think how astonished Professor Drivler and others of my friends would be if they saw it. But good-by to you both—come and see me soon."

She gave her mother a duty kiss, Milly a patronizing tap on the shoulder, smiling in grand commiseration of their folly in not seeking her advice. Before she reached the foot of the stairs, Mrs. Gresham remembered something that she wished particularly to say and hurried after her, so Milly was left to a little quiet, the thing she most longed for and needed.

CHAPTER XV.

Leonie Dormer passed a week more of ceaseless suspense—that most horrible purgatory that a human soul can endure—and she could not bear this inactive waiting longer.

Mark Lasley had not been again to the house; she was glad of that; any conversation now between them could only have caused him fresh pain, yet she missed him, and her woman's heart cried out piteously in longing for its idol.

No tidings came to her from that hidden enemy who might at any moment level the final blow at her hope of peace, and deeply as she loathed the thought of being brought even for a moment into his society, she could not rest till she had seen him. When she could bear it no longer, feeling that a certainty, no matter what step he contemplated, would be less wearing than this racking doubt, she wrote to him, but received no reply—wrote again to another address, thinking that the first might have failed to reach him—no answer came. Then she knew that this conduct was only another of his ingenious modes of torment—he wished to humble her still further—to make her seek him.

For her own sake she would not have done it—she would have died a thousand deaths first—but the recollection of Mark Lasley subdued her pride. She must spare him all that she could; she must neglect no means which could prevent her being lost utterly in his esteem; not so much for the effect such scorn might have on her breaking heart as through a fear of the evil influence it might work in his impulsive nature to lose his little hold on faith in woman destroyed through her. She could not tell what he might already know—what story might have reached him through Milly Crofton; indeed, for anything she could know, the girl might be in possession of her entire secret, and already whispering it in the eager ears of those always ready to believe evil tales against any person who has wakened their envy or dislike.

Shut up in her room, Leonie had heard nothing of the report of Milly's broken engagement or Thorman's departure, for Mrs. Fanshawe was always glad to stay at home, and had taken advantage of Leonie's indisposition to live as solitary and unsociably as if she had been an ancient nun.

There was nothing to be done but go to Milly—not to implore mercy—Leonie would have torn her own heart out and trampled on it sooner than that; but at least she had a right to demand from this girl an explanation of her insulting suspicions. However Milly behaved she could be in no worse position; if Leonie's whole secret was in her hands it would be better to know it—at least by her revelations some knowledge of Yates' whereabouts might be obtained, and that of itself would be an important step gained.

She drove to Mrs. Gresham's house, and sent in a card to that lady herself, tolerably certain that if she asked for Miss Crofton she would not obtain admittance. Mrs. Gresham was not at home, but Miss Maud happened to be in the morning room, and gave orders that Mrs. Dormer should be shown in—she had an envious admiration for the lady's beauty and elegance, and as she seldom had an opportunity to see her, she determined to gratify herself now.

So Leonie came in and was very gracious, according to her habit with young girls; and Maud, bold as brass, began to explain that mamma was out, but would be in soon, and that she (Maud) would never be forgiven if she did not detain Mrs. Dormer until then.

Mrs. Dormer was very willing to be detained, at least for a short space, and though she had only seen Maud a few times, had sufficiently gauged her mental calibre to know how to flatter her into her most complaisant mood. Then Leonie said sweetly—

"My call was partly for your cousin, Miss Crofton, too—I wanted to see you all—is she in?"

"Oh, yes," Maud answered volubly, "she's up in her room—she's been playing sick for two or three days past."

"Indeed! Nothing serious, I hope?"

"Bless me no," returned the magpie; "just one of her fancies—I suppose she's sorry enough now it is too late."

Leonie was too busy with her own reflections to notice the girl's words, and she said—

"Would you be kind enough to let her know that I am here."

"To be sure," said Maud," but I don't believe she will come down. She stays shut up in her room, and acts as *if* she was possessed.

But she rang the bell and sent up Mrs. Dormer's card, and presently back came the answer: Miss Crofton was particularly engaged, and could not see any one.

"Just like her," pronounced Maud; "but I'll tell mamma how rudely she behaves—ill-natured thing."

"But you," said Leonie with her sweetest smile and her blandest manner, "are so good-natured and candid that I am sure you will do me the favor to go up and say to your cousin that I wish particularly to see her—I have a reason."

"Of course," said Maud, instantly devoured by a rampant curiosity.

"What shall I tell her you want her for?"

"Oh, she might be vexed if I did not tell her first," urged Leonie.

So Maud had to go away unsatisfied, and having, after a good deal of difficulty, obtained admission to Milly's room, she delivered Mrs. Dormer's message.

"I shall not see her," cried Milly, to whom this visit only seemed a crowning insult.

"Then I'll ask her to tell me," said Maud, anxious to have her inquisitiveness gratified.

"You will attend to your own affairs, if you please," returned Milly.

"I shan't!" flamed Maud. "You needn't put on airs with me—I'll not stand it—you'll never be married now!"

"Have the goodness to go away," was the only answer Milly made.

"I'll go down and tell Mrs. Dormer you say you won't see her," persisted Maud.

"Add that I will not now or ever, and I'll be much obliged," said Milly.

Down stairs flew Maud and repeated what Milly had said, adding a rapid account of Milly's ill-nature and late misdemeanors, including the story of the broken engagement, which Maud averred was Thorman's work, because Milly went to the dinner at Paul Andrews' house.

Leonie was shocked and pained, but the reason Maud gave prevented her blaming herself for any share in the catastrophe. She got away from the young woman and hurried out of the house, having gained nothing by the step, she bitterly thought, except to afford that heartless Milly a fresh triumph—the girl would believe that she had frightened Leonie into an attempt to sue for mercy.

"I might have known it would end so," she thought as the carriage drove off. "Oh, what to do! I must go mad if I can't find light somewhere." Suddenly a thought struck her—there was a place where she knew she might possibly get news of Yates—she must go. Desperate as she was, she remembered the necessity of taking some precaution to prevent the step being made public.

She ordered the coachman to drive into Broadway and stop at Stewart's. As she got out to enter the shop she bade him go home—she had shopping to do at several places, and would walk back. She entered the crowded rooms—made some trifling purchase—a pair of gloves—she hardly knew what—then recollected that the little black veil was no protection to her face. She bought a heavy blue barege and left the place—her dress, though rich and elegant, was fortunately entirely black, and so would not be remarkable.

She took a carriage that was standing near the corner, gave the order in a low voice to the coachman, fearful lest some unnoticed bystander should have recognized her, and was driven rapidly down the great thoroughfare. The carriage turned into Bleecker street, rolled for several blocks toward the east, and stopped at a dingy, unpleasant-looking mansion, a sort of foreign hotel and lodging house, with a name, as Leonie knew, no more agreeable than its appearance.

She got out, hurried up the steps, passed through the hall and ascended the stairs without meeting anybody but a slatternly woman who was wiping the torn oil cloth, too busy even to look up.

In the second hall Leonie paused for an instant to catch her breath.

"It is the third floor, somewhere at the back—Solomons is on the door," she thought. "How odd that I should remember his mentioning it—oh, if it might be a good omen!"

She walked quickly on, drawing the thick veil more closely over her face as she passed several open doors and saw half-dressed, evil-eyed looking men staring curiously as she passed. She had reached the third floor; a little knot of young fellows, evidently Cubans, stood lounging over the banisters—they nudged each other and whispered—one of them made a movement to follow, but his companions checked him, and Leonie walked on, not even quickening her step—she was too desperate now to have any fear.

The house was double and very deep—several passages wound off from the main hall. She had no idea whether she was going in the right direction, hurrying on in hopes to meet some woman or a child of whom she might venture to ask a question without danger of insult.

But chance or fate had led her steps aright. At another turn she saw upon the wall a tin sign with the name Solomons printed on it in dingy letters, and a crooked hand pointing down a narrow side passage. She walked along the dark alley, passing several doors without names upon them, and at last came to one where the Jewish cognomen was printed in characters rather more worn and illegible than those on the sign she had passed.

She knocked—no answer—opened the door, found herself in a sort of vestibule cut off from the rest of the room by a wooden screen, and heard a voice say—

"What do you knock for, whoever you are? Do you think you are coming to Windsor Castle to see the queen?"

Leonie passed round the side of the screen and found herself in a large apartment, crowded with pictures of various sizes, old furniture and open cases in which could be seen rows of silver plate—evidently a pawnbroker's establishment—for jewels and articles of the more valuable sort.

There was nobody in the room but a young Israelite of the red-haired species, busy writing at a desk. He did not trouble himself to look up, so Leonie said imperiously—

"I wish to see Mr. Solomons immediately."

The youthful Hebrew dropped a pen he was holding in his mouth and stood as if he would look through her double veil.

"If it's business," said he, "I'll attend to it. What can I do for you, mum?"

"I want only to ask him for an address," said she,

"He's most particular engaged with a gent," returned the Hebrew, condescending to be civil, since she had not come to do business. "Whose address, mum? If it's anybody Mr. Solomons knows it's on our books."

Leonie hesitated—it was difficult even for her to speak the name; she could hear the murmur of voices in an adjoining room—it gave her a feeling of security to know that there were people near, whoever they might be.

"I want the address of Mr. Philip Yates," she managed to say.

"Oh, yes," returned the young man with another and more prolonged stare; "he was here yesterday—I'll ask the governor."

He rose lazily and opened the door into the inner room, and in a moment an old Jew appeared, so musty, withered, and with such a dreadful cunning in every wrinkle that he might have served as a type of a modern Shylock.

"Address of Mishter Yates, hey?" said he just at her elbow, coming out so softly that he fairly startled her. "I no gives dat, but a leetle billet what you write Mishter Yates dis afternoon when he comes here—yah."

"But I want to know where to find him," she urged.

"Yah, but I doesn't know no more; but a leetle billet when he comes dis after dinner."

He motioned her to sit down at the desk and put a sheet of paper and pen in her reach. It was all she could do—she wrote a few hurried lines, conscious that the younger Jew was standing near trying to catch some glimpses of her face through her veil.

The old man had gone back to the other room and closed the door, so Leonie sealed and directed her letter and handed it to the grinning animal before her.

"Will you give this to him as soon as he comes?" she asked.

"I'll lay it right on the governor's desk, mum," he answered, made more civil than ever by the sight of the rings that gleamed on the hand from which she had removed her glove.

She could do nothing further, but to urge a caution that might make him more heedful of her commission.

"It is about the gentleman's own business," she said, "so he will be obliged to you probably not to forget it."

"I'll remember," said Moses laconically in displeasure.

Leonie rose and turned to go—her back was to the Jew—she was arranging her veil when the door of the inner room opened and Mark Lasley appeared. For an instant the room swam and rocked under Leonie's feet, but she made no sign. He recognized her—she saw it by a half-uttered exclamation—the pallor that overspread his face.

Lasley had come there that morning on some business for foolish Charley Wylde. Rich as he was, Charley had managed by his suddenly developed weakness for cards to fall into Solomon's hands from the need of ready money, and Lasley having got the whole story out of him, had come to release him from the old vulture's talons, on condition that he promised solemnly never to play again.

After that second's hesitation, during which he watched her, while Leonie was trying to gather her failing strength, and the red Jew stared at them both, conscious that there was some sort of theatrical surprise to be enjoyed if he only had the clue to it, Lasley moved forward and said aloud for the benefit of the listener—

"I had arranged that matter, madam—you need not have taken the trouble to call."

Leonie understood and was grateful for the effort to spare her in the eyes of that man, in spite of his anger. She bowed her head, but did not attempt to articulate a syllable.

"Oh, the lady has left a note," spoke up the red Jew, not in the least deceived, and hoping to bring about some conversation between the two that might enlighten him as to who they were and add to the interest of the scene, which struck him as more mysterious than the last melodrama he had patronized at the Bowery.

Lasley bent his head and whispered—

"At least let me take you away from this place."

She took his arm; he hurried her out of the room—through the passage and down a flight of stairs before a single word was exchanged between them. At length he became aware that Leonie was trembling so she could hardly stand and he made her stop for a little, to rest by an open window.

"Will you tell me how it happens that I find you here?" he asked in a measured voice, through which his passion broke in spite of all his efforts.

She shook her head.

"Not a word? You do not choose to explain? Or you cannot," he added in a harsher tone. "Which is it?"

There was a broken murmur from her lips, but no words were intelligible.

"It cannot be that you needed help," he went on. "If you did, how could you seek it here?"

She tried to grasp at the solution which his words offered—sick to remember that it was another falsehood, further deceit, that could avail so little.

"Why not?" she asked, in a voice that was a miserable imitation of her playful tone. "What more natural place could I have come to?"

"Wouldn't I have given everything I have in the world—yes my soul, to aid you?" he cried. "But it is not true, Leonie! It was no money difficulty that brought you—it is part of the mystery which surrounds you—"

"Take me down stairs," she interrupted; "be quick!"

"You will not answer? You will not say a word?"

"No," she cried, with the vehemence of despair, "no; not a word! Let me go—let me go!"

She would have snatched her hand from his arm, but he held it fast, conducted her to the outer door, put her in the carriage and allowed her to be driven away without uttering another syllable.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV. 19, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one extra) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

☞ *Club subscribers* who wish the Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra*. To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for *two dollars*.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents. Samples of both will be sent *free* to those desirous of getting up clubs.

Address
HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Leonie's Mystery.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

We began this fine story in THE POST of October 8th.

We design printing an extra edition of this story, sufficient to supply back numbers to all new subscribers up to January.

Still, as the extra edition *may* not hold out, it will be well for all who wish to avail themselves of our liberal offers, to send on their subscriptions as early as possible.

NO ARMISTICE.—We announced in last week's paper that an Armistice had been agreed upon between France and Prussia—such being the statement at that time.

The proposed armistice, however, failed. The Paris Moniteur says:—"Prussia, as she would neither consent to the revictualing of Paris nor allow Alsace and Lorraine to vote in the election for delegates to the Constituent Assembly, assumes all the responsibility for the continuance of the war. Prussia, not France, has refused an armistice." The German view, however, is different.

FOREIGN NEWS.—The French Army has recaptured Orleans. The following are two of the latest rumors, which may be true or not:—

LONDON, Nov. 11—3 P. M.—The Stock market has been greatly depressed this afternoon by rumors that Austria has joined France against Prussia; that French troops have retaken Orleans, and that the French fleet have made important captures (Hamburg.) The street is filled with rumors, which, however, cannot be received too cautiously.

BERLIN, Nov. 12.—Despatches received here to-day from the German headquarters at Versailles announce that Paris will not be bombarded. The German authorities are convinced that the city is so ill provisioned that a surrender may be expected within a month from that cause alone.

☞ THE PARIS ELECTION.—Returns from all the precincts of Paris, show the following result on the question of supporting the provisional government: Yeas, 557,996; Nays, 62,638.

The municipal elections had resulted in the choice of Republican Mayors in nearly all the arrondissements.

THE ELECTION RETURNS.

We give the following summary, based upon the reported returns. We do not of course vouch for their accuracy:—

NEW YORK.—New York city gives 49,405 majority for Hoffman, and he is re-elected by over 30,000 majority. The Legislature is considered doubtful, with the chances in favor of the Democrats. The Democrats have gained four members in the Congressional delegation.

NEW JERSEY.—The Republicans elect three Congressmen, a gain of one, and secure a majority in the Legislature, gaining thus a U. S. Senator.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Returns indicate the re-election of Claflin, Rep., for Governor, by about the same majority as last year. The Legislature is Republican, and all the Republican Congressmen are re-elected.

VIRGINIA.—The Republicans carry the First, Second and Third Districts; the Democrats carry the Fifth, Sixth, Seventh and Eighth. The Fourth District is not heard from.

MARYLAND.—All the five Congressional Districts have gone Democratic. Majority in the state for the Democrats is about 18,000.

LOUISIANA.—Returns indicate a Republican majority of 20,000. New Orleans gives 5,000 Republican majority. Four of the five Congressional Districts elect Republicans, and the Fifth is in doubt. The Legislature is largely Republican.

DELAWARE.—In Delaware the Democrats elect their candidates for Governor and Congress as usual.

ILLINOIS.—Illinois has gone Republican, it is said, by a reduced majority.

WISCONSIN.—In Wisconsin, Mitchell, Dem., is reported elected to Congress from the First District. A Democratic gain. Otherwise, Republican as usual.

MINNESOTA.—In Minnesota, the First and Second Congressional Districts give each 3,000 Republican majority.

NEVADA.—In Nevada the vote is very close, and the result is not positively known.

TENNESSEE.—The latest returns from Tennessee elect Butler, Republican, in the First, and Maynard, Republican, in the Second Congressional District. The other six Districts are Democratic.

MISSOURI.—The indications are that Gratz Brown, liberal Republican, will have nearly 40,000 majority in the state over McClurg, Radical Republican. Brown's majority in St. Louis is 12,584. The "Republican" has returns and estimates from 95 counties, making the Legislature stand as follows: Senate—Democrats 7, Fusion 7, Liberal 1, Republicans 3. House—Democrats 67, Fusion 15, Liberals 16, Republicans 20.

KANSAS.—The Republican majority is about 18,000; and the Legislature is four-fifths Republican. In the Senate, there is believed to be but one Democrat. Only two counties, Cherokee and Crawford, are known to have gone Democratic.

ALABAMA.—The latest returns give a Democratic majority in 51 counties of 1,500. The remaining 14 counties are expected to give 5,000 Democratic majority. The Democrats have about 20 majority in the Legislature. The Congressional delegation will stand three Republicans to three Democrats. Turner, colored, is elected to Congress in the First District.

FLORIDA.—Returns of the election in Florida indicate that the Conservatives have carried the state—electing their candidates for Lieutenant-Governor and Congress, and securing a majority of the Legislature.

ARKANSAS.—In Arkansas, Hanks, Democrat, is reported elected in the First Congressional District; Snyder, Republican, in the Second; and Edwards, Democrat, in the Third.

WEST VIRGINIA.—This state elects one Republican and two Democrats to Congress—a Democratic gain of two.

THE NEXT CONGRESS.—The Republican majority will be greatly reduced in the next Congress. Probably it will range from twenty to forty.

ERRORS EXCEPTED.—No doubt there are plenty of errors in the above statement. But we give the best we know at present.

Natural Gas.

We give the following additional particulars about the gas at Erie:—There are many towns in the United States in part or wholly lit by gas obtained directly from subterranean sources; but Erie, Pa., is favored with so large a supply that it is now used to obtain heat for mechanical and manufacturing purposes. All that is necessary is to bore down and sink a tube four or five hundred feet, and a permanent flow of gas comes rushing up through it. One well thus sunk eight years ago has produced ever since without intermission, the flow seeming to increase rather than diminish. A brass foundry and a soap works have also been using as fuel the gas from another well for a long period. The most recent well sunk supplied a grist mill with abundant fuel to run four stones—the proprietors say they can run six with it—night and day; equivalent to more than $400 worth of coal per month. All it costs them is the original expense of the well and tube, about $1,500.

Wills.

There are various ways of making a will. Lord Clyde, the celebrated English general, wrote his at his club on a sheet of note-paper in half-a-dozen lines, and it was duly proved. A certain beatier, in *articulo mortis*, crawled to a corn-chest, raised the lid, scrawled his parting injunction on the wood, got a post-boy and a stable-man to witness his signature, and the box lid, being taken off its hinges, was accepted as a valid instrument. An eminent English queen's counsel made his last testament in these words: "Everything to my brother Tom;" and being duly attested, the document was found sufficient. On the other hand, it was remarked of the great artist, Turner, that he could draw everything but a will, since, wishing to leave five hundred thousand dollars to found an asylum for decayed oil-painters, his intention was defeated owing to imperfections in the witnessing.

CORIOLANUS CRUSTY.

I hate agitation;
I loathe demonstration;
I scorn the sensation
A Spouter creates by a platform oration,
With denunciation,
And vituperation,
And gesticulation,
And visage that shines with profuse perspiration.—*London Punch.*

☞ The Turkish bath is a thing to be avoided by right-minded philanthropists; for their money is expended, not on the poor, but the sham-poor.

A Sad Memorial.

The following memoranda, in the form of a diary, were found on the body of Dr. Boane, of Baltimore, who, with Mr. McCorkendale and Mr. Randall, were lost in September last, in a severe snow-storm near the summit of Mount Blanc:—

"Tuesday, 6th September.—I have made the ascension of Mount Blanc, with ten other persons—eight guides, Mr. Corkendale and Mr. Randall. We reached the summit at two o'clock and a half. Immediately after having quitted it, I found myself enveloped in a whirlwind of snow at 15,000 feet, English height. We have passed the night in a grotto dug in the snow—an uncomfortable asylum, and I have been ill all the night.

"7th September, Morning.—Cold very intense. Much snow. It falls without cessation; the guides are uneasy.

"7th September, Evening.—We have been on Mount Blanc for two days in a terrible snow-storm. We are lost. We are in a grotto, dug in the snow, at a height of 15,000 feet.

"I have no hope of descending. Perhaps some one will find this book, and will send it to you." [Then follow directions relative to his private affairs.] "We have no provisions. My feet are already frozen, and I am entirely exhausted. I have only strength to write these words. I die believing in Jesus Christ, with the sweet thought of my family, my friendships and all. I hope that we shall meet in Heaven. Yours, always.

"My effects are partly at the Hotel du Mont Blanc; a part are with me in two portmanteaus. Send them by post to the Hotel Schwietzerhoff, at Geneva. Pay my bills at the hotel. Heaven will reward you for your kindness."

Then follow more instructions to his family; then a sudden close, as if strength failed.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WONDERFUL BALLOON ASCENTS: OR, THE CONQUEST OF THE SKIES. A History of Balloons and Balloon Voyages. From the French of F. MARION. With Illustrations. Published by Charles Scribner & Co., New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

MISS LESLIE'S COOKERY BOOK. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada. A New and Enlarged edition of this celebrated and popular book.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, for October. American Edition. Contains "The Land Question in England," "American Literature," "The Ballot," "John Wesley's Cosmogony," and other papers. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philada.

Dress of Notabilities.

The peculiar style in which Miss Anna Dickinson draped herself, and the manner in which she deported herself, at her lecture in Boston a few evenings since, are thus put upon record for the use of future historians, by one of the descriptive writers of a Boston paper: "She was attired in a black silk dress, relieved at the waist, neck, and shoulders by scarlet of the same material. About her neck was a jaunty collar, a modest but rich necklace, upon her wrists were bracelets, and her well-shaped fingers rejoiced in the ornamentation of diamond and other rings. Her style of hair, as on previous occasions, was of the free-and-easy, young-men-of-eighteen style, short, carelessly, and yet carefully arranged, and her eyes possessed unwonted sparkle and intelligence. On reaching the platform she deliberately surveyed the audience for some time, and the eleventh-hour stragglers having become settled in their seats, she proceeded."

—Mlle. Nilsson's taste in dress has been much commented upon and approved by ladies whose judgment in that respect is admitted. One of the most exquisite of her toilettes, and one of the most beautiful ever seen in New York, was of heavy white gros grain silk with long skirt, trimmed with flounces of lace, looped over at each side with vines of morning-glories. Her hair was dressed simply, and ornamented with a single morning-glory, with a diamond hummingbird and butterfly lighting on the flower. Necklaces of pearls and diamonds, and bracelets set with diamonds, completed this beautiful toilette.

—And, speaking of dress, the style in which George Francis Train lately arrayed himself at Marseilles was, to say the least, peculiar enough to suit a heathen Chinese. He wore a black swallow-tail coat, studded all over with golden fleurs-de-lis, a pink satin waistcoat, fastened with a huge diamond button, and sky blue trowsers. On his bosom was embroidered the green harp of Erin. The fingers of his gloves were red, white, and blue alternately, to simulate the tri-color. And in this rather remarkable costume he rehearsed to the Marseillaise, in equally remarkable French, the speech which he has repeated, we forget how many millions of times, to the Americans.

☞ Grace—"I am going to see Clara today. Have you any message?" Charlotte—"I wonder how you can visit that dreadful girl. Give her my love."

☞ "How many feet long was that big snake?" asked a person of a traveller who had just related a story of the encounter of a boa constrictor killed by him. "One hundred and ninety-two inches," was the reply; "snakes have no feet."

☞ "Pap," observed a young urchin of tender years, to his fond parent, "does God know everything?" "Yes, my son," replied the parent, "but why do you ask?" "Because our preacher when he prays is so long telling him of everything, I thought he was not posted!"

☞ The late Marquis of Hertford, although in receipt of an income of $500,000 a year, was not distinguished for his liberality. "Do you like these cigars?" he is reported to have inquired one day of a boon companion. "Indeed, I think they're admirable," was the answer. "Well, then," replied the marquis, "I'll tell you what I'll do." "By Jove!" said the other to himself, "now it's coming." "I'll give you—another puff of the said superlative cigars—the address of the fellow I got them from."

☞ There is a Servian prince in the Prussian army whose name is so long that a company of engineers have been ordered to level down the consonants and use it as a pontoon bridge.

☞ A little boy named Slattery, in Brooklyn, N. Y., jumped from a fourth story window to escape cruel punishment from his step-mother, and was fatally injured. The mother has been arrested.

☞ A certain modesty should be observed in wretchedness.

OUR EASTERN COUSINS.

Under the above head, the *Grass Valley Union*—a California paper—holds forth as follows:—

"The travelling season is over for this year; our Eastern cousins have made their visits, and have done California according to the usual programme. They have been kindly received, and in many cases have been the recipients of ovations which it is questionable whether they were entitled to or not. And what opinion have they formed of California? How much do they really know of our resources, of the real wealth of the state, its merits, or demerits? In passing hastily through the state on the great thoroughfares, it is impossible that they should know much of our real condition. All they can see is what lies along the line of travel. They visit San Francisco, the city of the Pacific, are received with lavish hospitality, are feted by the rich, amid great display, and get an impression that we are a fast people, careless of money, and extravagant in taste and living. What actual benefit is this conclusion to us? They visit the Geysers, Calistoga, and Yosemite, and admire them as curiosities, without one thought of what constitute the great interests of the state, and it is more than probable that in nineteen cases in twenty when two travellers meet, after their return to their Eastern homes, the first and most important question asked and answered is, 'Have you been to Yosemite? Did you visit the Geysers? How do you like San Francisco? How awful hot their summers are!' and such remarks, seem to be the sum and substance of their observations. How few of them know anything of the interests, of the mines, of the agricultural capacity of the state, of the great undeveloped resources from the summits of the mountains to the sea, from Oregon to Mexico.

"We have been amused in reading some of the few letters which have been published about us, on the return of our Eastern cousins. Anna Dickinson left California in disgust. It was too hot, too dry, the fruit not comparable with that of Philadelphia. We heard her say that, and the people—well, they were barely tolerable. Olive Logan wrote a long, grumbling letter about Yosemite; the roads were horrible, the hotels miserable, stage men and livery men sharpers, and the great Yosemite itself but little better than a humbug. Could she expect in a new country all the conveniences of travel and comfort of living which she would find in an old country like New York, and a passage from the city to Niagara Falls. Olive, try it again in a better mood, and be prepared to take things as they are in the wilderness.

"The best letters which we have read the past year upon California, were those written to the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*, by 'Auber Forestier.' It seems that she took opportunities of diverging from the usual travelled routes, and became quite well acquainted with the interior of California. She saw the mines, the agricultural portion of the country, the great forests, the manufactories, and took a keen interest in the enterprise and energy displayed everywhere. Her observations would do credit to an older head upon political economy. Possessing quick observation, and keen discrimination, she gave facts and figures with the correctness of a statician, and her deductions were correct and reliable. She possesses superior descriptive powers, and a happy faculty of telling of what she sees in easy and graceful language. Her observations at the Industrial Exhibition upon the capacity of the state for manufactures, her letters from the mines abounding in correct statistical information, and upon various other subjects, are the best and most reliable which we have read from the pen of any Eastern tourist. Such letters as hers are calculated to do a great deal of good in giving our Eastern cousins a concise but correct idea of the real capacities of California."

☞ The latest name recommended for the English mission is Wendell Phillips. The idea, probably, is to get him out of the country, at any cost—even that of a war with England.

☞ The New Orleans Times suggests the propriety of applying to the principal lottery manager of the state a title of nobility—the Lord High Chance-seller of Louisiana.

☞ It has always been a mystery to us where all the Smiths came from; but while visiting in a neighboring city, the matter was satisfactorily explained by the appearance of a large sign over the door of a factory; with the announcement that this was the "Smith Manufacturing Company."—*Waterbury (Conn.) American.*

☞ Scrofulous and consumptive children are benefitted by allowing them all the white sugar they can eat. So it is said.

☞ Daniel McFarland, if the correspondent of a Western paper is to be believed, has been placed in a lunatic asylum by his friends. His insanity, it is said, has assumed a violent and noisy form, and no hope is entertained of his recovery.

☞ A correspondent describes M. Thiers as "a little, old, short man, in a shabby overcoat and dirty white hat, with a black band."

☞ A severe winter is predicted because the autumn fleeces of the sheep and lambs are found to be unusually close and heavy.

☞ "How dismal you look," said a bucket to his companion, as they were going to the well. "Ah!" replied the other, "I was reflecting on the uselessness of our being filled; for let us go away ever so full, we always come back empty." "Dear me! how strange to look at it in that way," said the bucket; "now, I enjoy the thought that, however empty we come, we always go away full. Only look at it in that light, and you will be as cheerful as I am."

☞ The excursions of the bees to collect honey are variously estimated at from one to three miles each, and they make each about ten trips a day.

☞ The wooden nutmeg fraud finds a new match in New England. Somebody has been selling the farmers of Rhode Island common Brahma fowls as rare and valuable specimens of barn-yard life worth $5 apiece. These fowls have been dipped in a solution of the popular solferino dye, known to every housewife, and present a most remarkable and attractive appearance.

☞ A ludicrous incident is related in connection with the earthquake. A fat pupil in one of the schools of Beverly, Mass., was in the act of sitting down when the shock of earthquake shook the building, which the teacher attributed to the abrupt manner in which the lad took his seat, for which offence he was required to stand three-quarters of an hour.

☞ The Gaul of bitterness—France.

THE following curious sentence, "*Sator arepo tenet opera rotas,*" is not first-class Latin, but may be freely translated—"I cease from my work; the mower will wear his wheels." It is, in fact, something like a nonsense verse, but has these peculiarities: 1. It spells backward and forward the same. 2. Then the first letter of each word spells the first word. 3. Then all the second letters of each word spells the second word. 4. Then all the third, and so on through the fourth and fifth. 5. Then, commencing with the last letter of each word, spells the first word. 6. Then the next to the last, and so on through.

☞ A Detroit lady was recently surprised with the gift of a valuable set of diamonds from her Quaker aunt. They were accompanied with the following epistle:—"Thee may find them convenient, Catherine, in case of necessity."

☞ Earth's holiest spot—The oil regions.

☞ "Father will settle the bill" is a new song. It is popular with young ladies.

☞ Saarbrucken has prospered through the war, which has brought the whole town much money. New houses are being built everywhere.

☞ A word to the wise—Remain so.

☞ A farmer in Pennsylvania has found that even discarded hoop-skirts can be made useful. By suspending them, and using the proper weights, he finds that they make admirable turkey and chicken coops.

☞ Kepler, one of the most profound astronomers, imagined that the world might be an animal, and that its breathing caused the tides.

☞ Old gentleman: "Now, you children, I'll tell you what it is, if you make any more noise in front of my house, I'll speak to that policeman." Chorus of juveniles (much tickled,) "That policeman? Lor', we ain't afeerd of 'im; why, *that's father!*"—*Punch.*

☞ Apples are inclined to decay rapidly this season, owing to their becoming ripe unusually early—and purchasers should exercise discrimination in laying in their winter supplies.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—400 bbls City Mills family sold at $7,25; 1000 bbls City Mills extra at $6@6,25; $6@6,75 for Pennsylvania family; $6,25@7,25 for Indiana and Ohio family; and $7,50@8,00 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sells at $5 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—60,000 bus sold at $1,26@1,40 for Western red, $1,15@1,25 for Pennsylvania red, $1,15@1,25 for Delaware red, $1,40@1,46 for Western amber, $1,32@1,35 for Iowa spring, $1,41@1,50 for Western white, and $1,50@1,55 for Southern white. Rye—3000 bus sold at 92@95c ₱ bus. Corn—70,000 bus sold at 90@95c for prime old yellow, 85@87c for old Western mixed, 75c for new Western mixed, and 75@80c ₱ bus for new yellow. Oats—Sales of 60,000 bus at 45@50c for black, 52@53c for mixed, and 54@55 for white Barley—10,000 bus of Western sold at 95@$1.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new mess Pork at $25@25,50; clear at $28, and extra prime at $22. Mess Beef is steady at $20,50@23 ₱ bbl for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams may be quoted at $30@31. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked hams at 20@21c; Excelsior hams at 23c; sides at 17@18c, and shoulders at 15@15½c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 13@13½c; sides at 15c, and shoulders, in salt, at 14½@14¾c. Lard—Sales of 450 bbls and tcs at 15@15¼c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of inferior packed at 13@17c; Penna store packed at 20@24c, and Bradford county at 40@45c. Eggs—Sales at 30@40c ₱ dozen. Cheese sells at 15½@16c ₱ lb.

COTTON—500 bales of middlings sold at 16@17c ₱ lb for upland and 16½@17½c ₱ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—Sales No. 1 Quercitron at $36 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark at $17@18 ₱ cord for Chestnut and Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX sells at 32@33c ₱ lb for yellow.

FRUIT—Dried Apples and Peaches—Sales at 2½@3c for Apples and 7½@8½c ₱ lb for half Peaches. Green Apples at $1,50@2,00 ₱ bbl.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₱ 100 lbs, $1,35@1,40; mixed do, $1,10; Straw, $1,25@1,30.

IRON—Pig Iron—Sales of No. 1 at $21@22. No. 2 at $19,50@20. Bar Iron sells at $78@80 ₱ ton. Scotch Pig sells at $33 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—1200 bushels sold at $6,40@6,80. Timothy—Sales at $4,75@5,25. Flaxseed at $2,10@2,15.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2000 head. The prices realized from 8½@9½ cts ₱ lb. 200 Cows brought from $50 to 80 ₱ head. Sheep—12,000 head were disposed of at from 5@5½c ₱ lb. 5000 Hogs sold at from $8,00 to 10,00 ₱ 100 lbs.

Interesting to Ladies.

"My Grover & Baker machine was purchased about nine years ago. For nearly seven years it was employed almost constantly in heavy work; ladies' cloaks, men's and boys' clothing and the like, yet when the occasion required would perform the finest work with entire satisfaction. For two years it has been doing family sewing of every variety, and it works equally as well as it did when first purchased."—*Mrs. J. M. Washburne, West Stafford, Conn.*

Good News from Ireland.

During the Irish famine we sent a million of dollars' worth of food to Cork. Ireland is now repaying the debt with interest; not from her exchequer, not from her rich fields, but from the adamantine rocks on her coast. An enterprising company in New York is importing ship-loads of the edible moss that grows on her cliffs, and converting it, under the name of IRISH MOSS FARINE, into an economic source of nourishment and palatable food. The new source of aliment is prepared under a patent, and although but a year in the market, has already taken precedence of all the gelatinous agents heretofore used in cookery. No epicure who has tasted the puddings, custards and jellies made from Sea Moss Farine, will deny that they are incomparable. The saving effected by using this article instead of maizena, farina or corn starch (all of which it excels in palatability), is about fifty per cent.

Certificate of an Eminent Chemist.

I have made a careful chemical analysis of the SOZODONT, from an impartial sample purchased by me personally, from a leading drug house of this city, but nothing of an injurious or objectionable character has been found in its composition.

JAMES G. POULE, M. D.,
Analytical Chemist, 460 Broadway, New York.
Late Dr. James R. Chilton & Co.

"SPALDING'S GLUE," useful and true.

Those who are Sick, or

Afflicted with any chronic difficulty, should without delay write for Dr. Hamilton's New Treatise, sent free to any address. R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON, M. D., P. O. Box 4952. New York city. nov5-6

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 128 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUE & Co., sept-1y

PSYCHOMANCY.—Any lady or gentleman can make $1,000 a month, secure their own happiness and independence, by obtaining PSYCHOMANCY, FASCINATION, or SOUL CHARMING. 480 pages; cloth. Full instructions to use this power over men or animals at will; how to Mesmerize, become Trance or Writing Mediums, Divination, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to Marriage, &c., all contained in this book; 100,000 sold; price by mail, in cloth $1.25, paper covers $1. NOTICE.—Any person willing to act as agent will receive a sample copy of the work free. As no capital is required, all desirous of genteel employment should send for the book, enclosing 10 cts. for postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia. nov19-6teow.

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

STRONG, PURE AND RICH
BLOOD, INCREASE OF FLESH AND
WEIGHT, CLEAR SKIN AND
BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION
SECURED TO ALL.
RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN
RESOLVENT HAS MADE
THE MOST
ASTONISHING CURES.
SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE
CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES
UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS
TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE,
THAT EVERY DAY AN INCREASE IN
FLESH AND WEIGHT IS SEEN AND FELT.

Scrofula, Consumption,
Glandular Disease,
Ulcers in the Throat and Mouth,
Tumors, Nodes in the Glands,
And other parts of the system,
Sore Eyes,
Strumous diseases of the
Eyes, Nose, Mouth,

And the worst forms of Skin Diseases,
Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head,
Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas,
Acne, Black Spots,
Worms in the Flesh, Tumors,
Cancers in the Womb,
And all Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and

Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes,
Dropsy, Stoppage of Water,
Incontinence of Urine,
Bright's Disease,
Weakness and Painful Discharges,
Night Sweats,
Are within the curative range of

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease, its potent power to cure them.

ONE DOLLAR A BOTTLE.

Principal office 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
Sold by Druggists. oct1-tf

A Body and Mind Disease.

Such is dyspepsia. The stomach and the brain are too intimately allied for the one to suffer without the other, so that dyspepsia and despondency are inseparable. It may be added, too, that irritation of the stomach is almost invariably accompanied by irritation of the temper.

The invigorating and tranquillizing operation of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS is most powerfully developed in cases of indigestion. The first effect of this agreeable tonic is comforting and encouraging. A mild glow pervades the system, the chronic uneasiness in the region of the stomach is lessened, and the nervous restlessness which characterizes the disease is abated. This improvement is not transient. It is not succeeded by the return of the old symptoms with superadded force, as is always the case when unmedicated stimulants are given for the complaint. Each dose seems to impart a permanent accession of healthful invigoration. But this is not all. The aperient and anti-bilious properties of the preparation are scarcely secondary in importance to its tonic virtues. If there is an overflow of bile the secretion is soon brought within proper limits, and if the biliary organ is inert and torpid it is toned and regulated. The effect upon the discharging organs is equally salutary, and in cases of constipation the cathartic action is just sufficient to produce the desired result gradually and without pain. The Bitters also promote healthy evaporation from the surface which is particularly desirable at this season when sudden spells of raw, unpleasant weather are apt to check the natural perspiration and produce congestion of the liver, coughs, and colds. *The best safeguard against all diseases is bodily vigor*, and this the great Vegetable Restorative essentially promotes. nov5-4t

OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST OF GENUINE WALTHAM WATCHES, tells how and where they are made, describes the different grades and gives weight and quality of the cases with prices of each. We send them by express to any part of the country, with bill to Collect on Delivery, with privilege to the purchaser to examine the Watch before paying. No risk is taken by those who buy of us, as every Watch is warranted to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded. The prices of the Silver Watches range from $16 upwards, and the Gold Watches from $70. When you write for a price list, state that you saw this notice in the ———. Address HOWARD & Co., 785 Broadway, New York. nov12-4t

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try it. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front St., New York. oct1-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. J. H. Alday, Mr. GEORGE E. CROSS, of Delaware county, Pa., to MILLIE H., daughter of the late Edward G. Webb, of this city.

On the 23 instant, by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr. THOMAS FOURSTER to Miss ANNIE GRAY, both of this city.

On the 24 instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. ROBERT SELFRIDGE to Miss LIZZIE COLLINS, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, D. D., CHARLES COOK to Miss MARY A. ZINZER, both of this city.

On the 2th of Oct., by the Rev. J. S. Kennard GERNANO WUNDERLICH to Miss MARY M. MASCH, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. JOSEPH H. BOOS to Miss LIZZIE A. HANLEY, of Kent county, Del.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 30th of August, while on a visit to her children in Iowa, at the residence of her son, George, West Liberty, MARY HISE, widow of the late Aaron Hise, of Salem, Col. county, O., aged 82 years and 4 days, and formerly of Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 5th instant, ELIZA BOUVIER, wife of the late John Bouvier, in her 53d year.

On the 7th instant, WILLATT PAXSON, in his 31st year.

On the 6th instant, DANIEL STRAIN, aged 60 years.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. ANN, wife of David Graham, aged 46 years.

On the 5th instant, ARNOLD BOWLEY, in his 69th year.

On the 3th instant, HAMILTON WILSON, in his 71st year.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. MARGARET JACKSON, aged 63 years.

On the 4th instant, PAMELIA B., wife of George H. Roberts, aged 48 years.

On the 4th instant, GEORGE H. ROGERS, in his 25th year.

TELL ALL YOUR NEIGHBORS THAT

The Publishers of The Saturday Evening Post Offer

3 MONTHS FOR NOTHING,

As follows: We began an admirable Novelet called

LEONIE'S MYSTERY,

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

in the paper of October 8th—and we shall commence the subscriptions of all

NEW SUBSCRIBERS

for 1871, with that date, until the large extra edition of the papers containing the early chapters of the story shall be exhausted. This will be

THIRTEEN PAPERS,

IN ADDITION to the regular weekly numbers for 1871, or

FIFTEEN MONTHS IN ALL!

When our extra edition is exhausted, the names of all **NEW** subscribers for 1871 will be entered on our list the very week they are received.

Of course those who send in their names early, will receive the whole number of extra papers.

We EXPECT to have enough extra papers to supply all comers **UP TO JANUARY**—but it will be most prudent not to delay in sending on subscriptions.

This offer applies to all NEW subscribers, single or in clubs. See our low Club Terms:

One copy (and the Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50.		
2 copies,		$4.00
4	"	6.00
5	" (and one extra)	8.00
8	" (and one extra)	12.00
11	" (and one extra)	16.00
14	" (and one extra)	20.00
One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND,		4.00

Every person getting up a Club will receive the Premium Engraving—and for Clubs of 5 and over both the Premium Engraving and an Extra paper.

While we offer thus a special inducement to NEW subscribers, our OLD subscribers will reap the benefit of the increased circulation which it brings us, in the improvement of our paper, and the ease of getting up their clubs—**And it is thus to their interest, as we hope it is to their kindly feeling, to speak a good word for us to their friends.**

Our **NEW PREMIUM ENGRAVING** for next year is a beautiful plate called **"The Sisters."** It is engraved on steel, by the celebrated English engraver, **G. F. Doo**—one of the three or four best engravers in the world—after a painting by the renowned artist, **Sir Thomas Lawrence.** It is of medium size (for greater convenience in framing) but is a superior engraving to any heretofore issued by us, being a perfect GEM OF ART.

This beautiful picture (or one of "Taking the Measure of the Wedding Ring," "The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "Edward Everett in his Library," or "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred) *will be sent gratis as a Premium (postage paid) to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club!*

☞ *Club Subscribers* who wish the Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra.* To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for *two dollars.*

TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

Cannot each of you, taking advantage of the above liberal offers, make up a Club of NEW subscribers? To the getter-up of every Club we send our beautiful new Premium Engraving "THE SISTERS," (or either of our other Premium Engravings); and to the getter up of a Club of five or over, an extra copy of THE POST, (or of THE LADY'S FRIEND) besides. Where the Clubs are composed of both old and new subscribers, the latter should have the word "new" written opposite their names. The subscriptions should be sent on as soon as obtained (even when the lists, if large, are not full,) in order that the forwarding of the paper to the new subscribers may not be delayed.

Special Offer of Lady's Friend.

ONE MONTH FOR NOTHING!

All NEW Subscribers (single or in clubs) to THE LADY'S FRIEND who send on their subscriptions by the first of January, shall receive the magnificent December Holiday number, making *thirteen months in all!*

Sewing Machine Premium, &c. —See terms on the second page of this paper.

INDIAN SUMMER.

Just after the death of the flowers,
And before they are buried in snow,
There comes a festival season,
When nature is all aglow—
Aglow with a mythical splendor
That rivals the brightness of Spring—
Aglow with a beauty more tender
Than aught which summer can bring.

Some spirit akin to the rainbow
Then borrows its magical dyes,
And mantles the far-spreading landscape
In hues that bewilder the eyes;
The sun from his cloud-shadowed chamber
Smiles soft on a vision so gay,
And dreams that his favorite children,
The flowers have not passed away.

There's a luminous mist on the mountains,
A light, azure haze in the air,
As if angels, while heavenward soaring,
Had left their bright robes floating there;
The breeze is so soft, so caressing,
It seems a mute token of love,
And floats to the heart like a blessing
From some happy spirits above.

These days so serene and so charming,
Awaken a dreamy delight—
A tremulous, fearful enjoyment,
Like soft strains of music at night;
We know they are fading and fleeting,
That quickly, too quickly they'll end,
And we watch them with yearning affection,
As at parting, we watch a dear friend.

O beautiful Indian Summer!
Thou favorite child of the year,
Thou darling whom nature enriches,
With gifts and adornments so dear!
How fain would we woo thee to linger
On mountains and meadows awhile,
For our hearts, like the sweet haunts of nature,
Rejoice and grow young in thy smile.

Not alone to the sad fields of autumn
Dost thou a lost brightness restore,
But thou bringest a world-weary spirit
Sweet dreams of its childhood once more;
Thy loveliness fills us with memories
Of all that was brightest and best—
Thy peace and serenity offer
A foretaste of heavenly rest.

House Painting.

THE EXPERIENCE OF JENKINS.

There are a number of things concerning which I am possessed of profound ignorance. Among these may be numbered the fine arts. With regard to the course of arts, such as house painting, I have recently learned a few lessons from experience. I consider experience a thorough teacher; but his charges for tuition are perhaps rather high.

Maria Ann said we must have the house repainted, and as what Maria Ann says must be, generally is, I at once went and made a bargain with a house painter. He said he would send his painters round. The next morning I got my breakfast and started out to earn my bread by the perspiration of my classic brow. I opened the door and put my foot into a tin pail full of paint. Then I took it out and set it on the hall door mat. Maria Ann assisted me from there, and I took a flying leap over the painter to the sidewalk. The painters painted the fence and the front steps that forenoon. All who came to see us either painted their hands on the gate and left prints thereof on the chairs, or else painted their soles on the steps, and made tracks all over the parlor carpet. The cat laid down on the steps to sleep in the sun, and the paint dried so fast that when she got up one side of her was bald-headed.

The next morning the men came before any one was up, and began to take out all the windows. During the entire day they were working around the window casings. One of them would stand by the open kitchen window, and another by the open parlor window, and then they would talk about the Painters' Union, about the pic-nic, about the price of flour, about the girls—about all the while. The retirement which is among the charms of domestic life did not characterize our house to any great extent that day.

The next morning, about five o'clock, I heard some one walking into our bedroom. I sprang boldly from the bed, grasped a boot in one hand and a pitcher in the other, and determined to sell my life as dear as possible unless I got a chance to run down stairs. Said I, "Who is there?" "Oh," replied the intruder, "it's me, the painter, I am taking down the blinds." I felt much relieved; but Maria rather seemed to be out of patience. She told the man what she thought about him, and made pointed comments upon his manner, his appearance and the probabilities he ever enjoyed of a common school education.

The painter was wedded to his art, and paid no attention to the prattle of Maria Ann. With the windows and blinds both out, the interior of the house was somewhat exposed, and the task of getting dressed was attended with some embarrassment, especially as the painters seemed to be at work at all the windows. While we were eating breakfast one of the painters came in with an armful of towels and remarked that he found them hanging on the clothes-line, and he supposed Maria would have no objections to his using them to wipe off the doors before he grained them. Maria stated her objections in detail, and the man withdrew.

The next morning I was up early. When the painters came in I volunteered to help them. "Come right along," I shouted, "let's take off the clapboards and paint them. Let's take up the cellar and paint that inside and out. Let's paint the cistern. Let's take down the chimney and paint the bricks. Let's paint the hole the cellar leaves. Let's——." They assured me that I was planning more work than was necessary, and as they did not act as though they needed my help I went back to breakfast.

The next time the house wants painting I will move into the back yard, and send the house down to their shop, where the painters can swarm around it at their pleasure.

SENSIBLE.—A New York correspondent of the press writes:—"The most fashionable marriages of this season are the simplest. Several of the *ton* have been married, within ten days, without bridesmaids or groomsmen, without cards, receptions, or display. The parties drive up in a single coach, dressed in a travelling costume. The sexton takes the place of ushers. Unattended, the parties step from the coach to the altar. At the conclusion of the ceremony they retire to the coach, are driven to the station, and commence their bridal tour. This sensible method promises to be popular and general."

The Origin of Philopœna.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GUSTAV FREYTAG.

There was once a beautiful princess who had a great fondness for almonds, and ate them constantly, but nothing would induce her to marry, and in order to rid herself of her suitors, of whom there were a great number, she invented the following device: To every prince who sought her hand, she presented the half of a double almond, while she ate the other half, and said:

"If your lordship can succeed in getting me to take anything from your hand, before I say the words 'I remember,' then I am ready to become your bride. But if, on the contrary, you receive anything from me, without thinking to speak those words, then you must agree to have your hair shaven entirely off your head and leave the kingdom."

This, however, was an artful stratagem, for, according to the court custom, no one dared to hand anything directly to the princess, but first to the court-lady, who then offered it to her. But if, on the other hand, the princess should desire to give or take anything—who could refuse her? So it was useless for her suitors to make the trial, for when they seemed likely to be successful, and had diverted the princess so that she was about to take something from them, the court-lady always stepped between, and spoiled the best laid plan.

When the princess wished to dispose of one of them, she would appear so charming and encouraging to him, that he would be entirely fascinated, and when he sat at her feet, overcome with joy, then she would seize upon anything near her, as though by accident: "Take this as a remembrance of me," and when he had it in his hands, before he could think or speak the necessary words, there would spring out at him, from it, perhaps a frog, or a hornet, or a bat, and so startle him that he would forget the words. Then, upon the spot, he was shaven, and away with him.

This went on for some years, and in all the palaces of the other kingdoms, the princes wore wigs. Thus it came to be the custom from that time.

Finally it happened that a foreign prince came upon some peculiar business, and by accident saw the almond princess. He thought her very beautiful, and at once perceived the stratagem. A friendly little gray man had given him an apple that once a year he was privileged to smell, and then there came in his mind a very wise idea, and he had become much renowned on account of his deep wisdom. Now, it was exactly time for him to make use of his apple. So, with the scent from it came this warning:

"If thou wouldst win in the game of giving and taking, under no circumstances must thou either give or take anything."

So he had his hands bound in his belt, and went with his marshal to the palace, and asked to be allowed to eat his almond. The princess was secretly much pleased with him, and immediately handed him an almond, which his marshal took and placed in his mouth. The princess inquired what this means, and, moreover, why he constantly carried his hands in his girdle.

He replied that at his court the custom was even more strongly enforced than at hers, and he dared not give or take anything with his hands, at the most, only with his head and feet. Then the princess laughed and said:

"In this case we will never be able to have our little game together."

He sighed and answered:

"Not unless you will be pleased to take something from my boots."

"That can never happen!" exclaimed the whole court.

"Why have you come hither," asked the princess, angrily, "when you have such stupid customs?"

"Because you are so beautiful," replied the prince. "And if I cannot win you, I may at least have the pleasure of seeing you."

"On the other hand, I have no similar gratification," said she.

So the prince remained at the palace, and he pleased her more and more, but when the humor seized her, she tried in every manner to persuade him to take his hands from his girdle, and receive something from her. She also entertained him charmingly, and frequently offered him flowers, bonbons, and trinkets, and finally her bracelet, but not once did he forget to stretch out his hand to take them, for the pressure of the girdle reminded him in time. So he would nod to his marshal, and he receiving them, saying, "We remember."

Then the princess would become impatient, and would exclaim: "My handkerchief has fallen! Can your lordship pick it up for me?" Whereupon the prince would fasten his spur into it, and ware it carelessly, while the princess would have to bend and remove it from his foot, angrily saying: "I remember."

Thus a year passed away, and the princess said to herself:

"This cannot remain so. It must be settled in one way or the other."

She said to the prince:

"I have one of the finest gardens in the world. I will show your lordship over it today."

The prince smelt of his apple, and as they entered the garden, he said:

"It is very beautiful here, and in order that we may walk near each other in peace, and not be disturbed by the desire to try our game, I beg you, my lady, that, for this one hour, you will take upon you the custom of my court, and let your hands also be fastened. Then we will be safe from each other's art, and there will be nothing to annoy us."

The princess did not feel very safe about this arrangement, but he begged so strongly that she could not refuse him this small favor. So they went on alone together, with their hands fastened in their girdles.

The birds sang, the sun shone warmly, and from the trees the red cherries hung so low that they touched their cheeks as they passed. The princess saw them, and exclaimed:

"What a pity that your lordship is not able to pick a few for me!"

"Necessity knows no law," said the prince, and he broke one of the cherries with his teeth from a branch, and offered it to the princess from his mouth.

The princess could not do otherwise than receive it with her mouth, and so her face was brought close to his. So when she had the cherry between her lips, and a kiss from him besides, she was not able to say that instant, "I remember."

Then he cried, joyfully, "Good morning, much loved one," and drew his hands from his girdle and embraced her. And they spent the rest of their lives together in perfect peace and quietness.

Wedding Ring Rhymes.

"The merit of having writ a posy of a ring." It appears that Mr. Richard Steele uses this expression in irony, and as if Mr. Spectator thought there was little merit in having writ a posy of a ring. There is, however, a charm about some of these posies that is engendered of their quaintness and their pith. It is with pleasure that we see them revived on many of the wedding-rings exposed in the windows of the jewelers at this present time. The immediate derivation of posy is very clearly from poesie or poesy, the *e* having been cut out. But posy is commonly applied by the country people to a large or small bunch of flowers their gardens afford in plenty in the gay seasons of spring and summer. Bowpot is another word applied to a homely bouquet, or bunch of rustic garden flowers. The analogy to to the French bouquet is close, and it has been suggested that beau-pot is, perhaps, a more correct orthography than bowpot. However, in whichever way the word is spelled, it is at this day in very common use in certain districts of England. To revert, however, to posy, in its application to a short sentence of verse inscribed on a ring, and generally the wedding or a keepsake ring, we may quote a few of these inscriptions from old rings, dating from the year 1500 downward:

"Death never parts
Such loving hearts."

There is another, equally old:

"Love and *respect*
I doe expect."

This also is from a very old ring:

"In God and thee
Shall my joy be."

Later we have:

"Divinely knitt by Grace are wee,
Lately two, now one, the pledge here see."
B. and A., 1657.

"Love and live happy."—1689.

"Happy in thee
Hath God made me."

"God did decree
Our unitie."

Of a still later date is a punning one:

"Endless as this
Shall be our bliss."
THOMAS BLISS, 1719.

Most of these couplets are strongly imbued with the spirit of loyalty—to wit, under date 1646:

"I love the rod,
And thee, and God."

Which shows a spirit of feminine subjection now rather uncommon. But all the devotion was not on one side, for we find on another old ring:

"I do rejoice
In thee, my choice."

The Bible for Balky Horses.

Mr. Thomas Mooney lives in Allentown, Pa., and reads the papers. Among the items which excited his interest was one which related how a man with a balky horse got out of his wagon when the animal stopped, and sat on a stump reading the Bible until the animal went on again, which he did in a very short time. Mr. Mooney had a balky horse; so he put a Bible in his pocket and went out to try the experiment. His horse stopped right in the middle of the main street, and refused to budge an inch. Mooney got out and sat on the curbstone and opened his Bible. An immense crowd gathered around and watched him, wondering what in the name of common sense was the matter with Mooney! But Mooney paid no attention to them. He began at Genesis, and he read that Bible clear through to the end of the Old Testament, including the Apocrypha, and there the horse stood as quiet as a statue! Then Mooney read on to the end of Revelations, and perused the preface, and all the foot-notes, together with the title page and the name on the back of the cover! Still his horse clung to that one spot, never moving except to bite a fly off of his flank or to kick one from his stomach! Then Mr. Mooney began Revelations and read clear back to Genesis, including the marginal references. Mooney thought, if there was any good in the system, that must certainly start the steed; but it didn't. It occurred to Mr. Mooney that perhaps the horse might be encouraged to go forward if he would read a few chapters of Deuteronomy out loud to him. So he began and went over about six hundred hard names in fourteen syllables, which so discouraged Mooney's horse that he began to back, and he kept on backing until he jammed the wagon through a pane of two-hundred dollar plate glass in a china store, and smashed a window full of crockery. Mr. Mooney remarked to the proprietor, after he had paid the bill, that he did not regard the experiment as a decided success. He said he would put no more faith in the suggestions of newspapers. He was so mad about it that he stopped his English paper and began to take a German paper, which he can't read, so that there is no danger of his being fooled again.

Hallucinations of Great Men.

Sometimes a kind of fantastic and eccentric delusion seizes upon the imagination of distinguished men, which neither their genius nor their success is sufficient to cure; and yet it is not prejudicial to their happiness. In his stunning ecstacies Rousseau remarks: "I take greater pleasure in the society of the imaginary beings which I gather about me than in the company of those whom I see about me."

Cardon declared that he had distinct visions of supernatural objects. Von Helmont says that a genius appeared to him in all the important junctures of his life. He further asserts that in 1633 he saw his own soul under the figure of a brilliant crystal. It is well known that the English engraver, Blake, was to such a degree under the control of his imagination that he passed for a visionary. He was surrounded all his life by the creations of his heated brain. Entirely oblivious of the present, he lived only in the past. Endowed with great imaginative power, he was wont to retire to the sea-shore to hold converse with Moses, Homer, Virgil, Dante and Milton, whom he firmly believed he had known long before. He affirmed that these geniuses appeared to him and were his companions in solitude, and when interrogated as to their appearance, he replied, "They are all shades, full of majesty, of an ashy hue, but luminous, and far surpassing the ordinary stature of mortals." Many great minds have experienced similar hallucinations, as did Tasso, Pascal, Nicole, Rousseau, Cosaite and others.

RICH AND POOR.

BY F. A. BELLOWS.

Up and down through the stately room
Wanders the dark-eyed little Clare;
The pictures are shrouded all in gloom,
A dreary presence is everywhere,
The curtains of satin and lace are soft,
The carpet is like to a bed of flowers;
Yet forward and backward walks she oft,
With little thought of the winged hours.

Naught cares she for the pictures all,
Ruffled courtier and lady fair,
That hang above on the paneled wall,
With trailing dresses and jeweled hair:
Naught for the statues, marble white,
Looking out from their niches near,
Huntress, and Faun, and Aphrodite,
And wondrous Apollo Belvidere.

Her father is lord of broad, fair lands,
Stretching farther than eye can see;
But little Clare, with the glossy bands,
What, in truth, is his wealth to thee?
It cannot give thee a heart content,
That peace for which thy spirit sighs;
Restless, she walks with fair head bent,
A nameless pain in her soft, dark eyes.

She is thinking, now, that yesterday,
As her carriage passed adown the street,
A child, with a basket of posies gay,
And a face so wonderfully glad and sweet,
Lifted to her's her smiling eyes,
Eyes that were tender, and loving, and mild,
"Ah!" said Clare, as they rattled by,
"Would that I were that little child!

"Would that for me were the quiet fields
Where sunshine lies, and the wild bees hum!
For me the joy that the summer yields,
For me the quiet cottage-home!"
O! it may seem right strange to thee,
But do you know, my little Clare,
That, looking after, she said, "Ah me!
Would that I were that lady fair!"

—Schoolday Visitor.

Prussia.

History tells us that Prussia has always been an aggressive power from the time that she took rank as one. How otherwise could the Electors of Brandenburg have converted their petty electorate into a powerful kingdom than by seizing on the domains of their neighbors? And this is what they did. Frederick the Second seized Silesia without the least provocation. He also joined with Austria and Russia in the first partition of Poland. His successors have steadily carried out his policy whenever they could. In 1792, Prussia joined Austria in invading France. In 1793, she invaded Poland, seized Dantzic, and obtained important acquisitions from the second partition of Poland. In 1794, she attempted to gain possession of Warsaw, and in 1801 she seized Hanover. She has in late years tried to wrest Neufchatel from Switzerland, and she has taken Schleswig and Holstein from Denmark. She has seized Hanover, and "mediatized" several of the petty States of Germany, besides expelling Austria from all participation in German affairs. She tried hard to get possession of Luxembourg about two years ago, but desisted because she was not quite prepared for the war which it would have involved; but it will be surprising if she does not contrive to obtain it before the present war is over, on the ground that it is a German duchy, and that therefore it must come into the North German Confederation along with Alsace and Lorraine. If the British Ministers ignore all this, they must be wilfully blind. When Prussia shall have settled her account with France, she will still have two affairs to dispose of before the unity of Germany will be complete. One is to absorb the eight millions of Germans who are in Austria—the other is to absorb the two millions who are in the Russian Baltic provinces. She will then be at the head of a confederation numbering upwards of sixty millions of citizens, and the Baltic will become a Prussian lake. There will, in fact, be nothing capable of resisting her in Europe, should she feel inclined to go on as she has been doing for the last hundred years. It will be a revival of an empire like the Roman, founded on force and sustained by aggression.

I. H. S.

There are doubtless many persons who have seen the letters I. H. S. in different places, and had some curiosity to know something of their signification, and the origin of their use in places of worship. The initials are not infrequently seen just over the doorway of Catholic churches, and often appear about the chancel or the colored windows. By most persons they are believed to be the initial letters of *Jesus Hominum Salvator* ("Jesus the Saviour of men.") Webster gives the following explanation:—"Originally written *I. H. S.*, and intended as an abbreviation of *Iesus*, the Greek form of the word Jesus. This fact was afterwards forgotten, and the Greek H (eta) having been mistaken for the Latin H (aitch,) and a Latin S substituted for the Greek *S*, the three letters were supposed to be the initials of three separate words, and a signification was accordingly found out for each."

I. H. S. is also the monogram of the order of Jesuits, established by Ignatius Loyola in 1540. Instead of adopting the I. H. S. as the abbreviation of Jesus, he devised one to contain the letters I. H. S. under a cross, the initials being from the Latin words *In hoc salus* ("In this † is salvation.") "The idea," says a writer in *Appleton's Journal*, "was suggested to Loyola by the error of the scribes in regard to the dash (that over the middle letter of the I. H. S. to indicate the Greek long E,) which they mistook for a cross. * * Sometimes the Jesuit monogram is made by an H with an I in the middle of the former, extending above and ending in a cross, the whole being entwined with an S, thus forming a complete cabalistic design. In the Middle Ages the I. H. S. obtained considerable importance from the vain supposition that it had some secret significance, and exercised a mysterious influence against the powers of darkness. After the plague in Florence, it was put upon the walls of the Church of Santa Croce. Subsequently it was printed upon cards, which were sold to the superstitious. The letters were often engraved upon swords, and on no account could the possessors of the property thus marked violate the solemnity of their oaths."

☞ Juvenile—"Mother says will you give her small change for a dollar. She'll send the dollar in to-morrow."

A GOLDEN DAY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ELLA WHEELER.

The subtle beauty of this day
  Hangs o'er me like a fairy spell,
And care and grief have flown away,
  And every breeze sings, "All is well."
I ask, "Holds earth or sin or woe?"
My heart replies, "I do not know."

Nay! all we know or feel, my heart,
  To-day, is joy, undimmed, complete.
In pain or tears we have no part,
  The act of breathing is so sweet.
We care no higher joy to name,
What reck we now of wealth or fame?

And can it be, oh heart of mine,
  That thou hast ever thrilled with pain?
That thou hast drunk grief's bitter wine,
  And must partake and drink again?
Have black bats beat about thy walls,
And smothered hope and joy with pails?

Oh past! what matters it to me?
  The pain you gave has passed away.
Oh future, that I cannot see!
  I care for nothing, save to-day.
This is a respite from all care,
And trouble flies, I know not where.

Go on! oh noisy, restless life!
  Pass by! oh feet that seek for heights.
I have no heart in aught of strife;
  I do not want your vain delights.
The day wraps round me like a spell,
And every breeze sings, "All is well."

Westport, Wis.

The Arab Horse.

The Arabs believe that God created the horse from the wind. It was an Arab horse that was first made. After the time of Adam the horse lived in a wild state. The first man after Adam who mounted the horse was Ishmael, the father of the Arabs. Allah taught him to call the horses, and when he did so, they came. He took possession of the finest and most spirited and broke them in. But after awhile many of the animals trained and employed by Ishmael lost something of their purity. One single stock was preserved in all its nobleness by Solomon, the son of David, and it is that which is called *Zad-el-Rakeb* (the gift, the support of the horseman), whence all real Arabs derive their origin in this manner.

There is a tradition that some Arabs of the Azed tribe went up to Jerusalem the Noble to congratulate Solomon on his marriage with the Queen of Saba. Having fulfilled their mission they addressed him as follows:

"Oh, Prophet of Allah! our country is far distant, and our provisions are exhausted; thou art a great king; bestow upon us wherewithal to take us home."

Solomon thereupon gave orders to bring from his stables a magnificent stallion descended from the Ishmael stock, and then dismissed them with these words:

"Behold the provisions which I bestow upon you for your journey. When hunger assails you, gather fuel, light a fire, place your best rider on this horse and arm him with a stout lance. Hardly will you have collected your wood and kindled a flame when you will see him return with the produce of a successful chase. Go, and may Allah cover you with his blessing."

They did so, and nothing could escape this hunter. This stallion founded the famous breed called *Zad-el-Rakeb*. There are now, however, several branches of this stock, but there is a peculiar oneness still in the Arab breed which cannot be mistaken. The horse of pure descent is distinguished by the thinness of its lips and of the interior cartilage of the nose, by the dilation of its nostrils, by the leanness of the flesh encircling the veins of the head, by the graceful manner of the neck, by the softness of the coat, the mane, and the hairs of the tail, by the breadth of chest, the largeness of the joints, and by the leanness of the extremities. According, however, to tradition, the thoroughbred is still better known by its moral characteristics than its physical peculiarities. The outward signs will indicate the race, but it is by the moral qualities that full confirmation is given of the extreme care displayed in coupling the sires and the dams, and of the care taken to prohibit all misalliances. Thoroughbred horses have no vice. A horse is the most beautiful of all animals, but his moral qualities must correspond with his physical, or he will be regarded as degenerate. The Arabs are so convinced of this, that if a horse, or a mare, have given indisputable proof of extraordinary speed, of remarkable endurance of hunger and thirst, of rare intelligence, or of grateful affection for the hand that feeds them, they will make every imaginable sacrifice to get their progeny, under the persuasion that the points by which they were themselves distinguished will reappear in their offspring.

Dark chestnut is the favorite color with the Arabs. They consider the horse's coat an index to his character. Red shaded with black is invariably associated, and truly, with speed. A good horse in the desert ought to accomplish for five or six days, one after the other, distances of twenty-five to thirty leagues. After a couple of day's rest, if well fed, he will be quite fresh enough to repeat the feat. With a horse that on arriving at a resting place shakes himself, paws the ground, and neighs at the approach of the barley, then pushing his head into the nose-bag begins to munch eagerly three or four mouthfuls of the grain, there is no occasion to pull up in a journey. The distances to be traversed in the Sahara are not always of such great length, but at the same time it is no very rare occurrence to hear of horses doing fifty to sixty leagues in four-and-twenty hours.

The Arabs of the Sahara sum up the perfection of a horse in the following manner. He must carry a full grown man, his arms and a change of clothing, food for both his rider and himself, a flag, even on a windy day, and, if necessary, dragging a dead body behind him keep up at a good pace the whole day through without giving a thought to food or water. In their opinion, a horse lives from twenty to twenty-five years, and a mare from twenty-five to thirty.

A thoroughbred horse has three things long, three things short, three things broad, and three things clean. The three things long are the ears, the neck and the forelegs. The three things short are the dock, the hind-legs and the back. The three things broad are the forehead, the chest and the croup. The three things clean are the skin, the eyes and the hoof.

He ought to have the withers high, and the flanks hollow, and without any superfluous flesh.

The tail should be well furnished at the root, so that it may cover the space between the thighs.

The eye of a horse should be turned, as if trying to look at his nose, like the eye of a man who squints.

The ears should resemble those of an antelope startled in the midst of her herd.

The forelock abundant.

The nostrils wide.

The cavities in the interior of the nostrils ought to be entirely black. If they are partly black and partly white, the horse is of only moderate value.

The fetlock thick.

The fetlock joints small.

The hoof round and hard.

The frogs hard and dry.

If by protruding his head and neck in order to drink from a stream that flows level with the ground, a horse can remain upright on all fours without bending either of his fore-legs, be assured that his form is perfect, that all parts of his body harmonize with one another, and that he is thoroughbred.

Among the horses of the tribes of the Sahara, those of the Hamyan, the Arbaa, the Oulad-Nail, and their respective branches, are the most patient of hunger and thirst, the most capable of enduring fatigue, the fleetest gallopers, and the most able to keep up a good pace for several days together without stopping—very different in this respect from the horses of the Tell.

Grooming is unknown in the Sahara. The horse is merely wiped down with woollen rags and covered with rugs that envelop the croup and the chest. In hot weather the horses are washed morning and evening. In winter the covering is kept on during both day and night; and in summer until three o'clock, when it is taken off, but put on again at eight for the whole night, to preserve the animal from cold and dew, which the Arabs consider all the more dangerous because the skin has been heated throughout the day by a burning sun. The diet of the horse is a matter of serious attention. Camel's and ewe's milk forms a portion of their diet. The Arabs never give their horses that mixture of bran, barley, meal and water which we call mash, and of which we make, without doubt, mistaken use. They accuse this compound with relaxing the tissues and weakening the system, while favoring the growth of fat, an evil which the Arabs dread above all things.

The horse is to be valued that has no white spots except a star on the forehead, or a simple white stripe down the face. The latter must descend to the lips, and then the owner will never be in want of milk. It is a fortunate mark. It is the image of the dawn. If the star is truncated or has jagged edges, it is universally disliked, and if the animal adds to that a white spot in front of the saddle, no man in his senses would mount it, nor would any judge of horse-flesh deign to possess it. Such a horse is as fatal as a subtile poison. If a horse has several white spots—three is the preferable number—one of the right feet should be exempt, but it matters not whether it be behind or before. It is a good sign to have stockings on both the off forefoot and the near hindfoot. It is called

The hand of the writer
And the foot of the horseman.

The master of such a horse cannot fail to be fortunate, for he mounts and dismounts over white. The Arabs, it must be remembered, generally mount on the off side and alight on the near side. Two hind stockings are a sign of good fortune:

The horse with the white hind feet,
His master will never be ruined.

It is the same with white forefeet: his master's face will never turn yellow. Never buy a horse with a white face and four stockings, for he carries his winding-sheet with him.

The Arabs are charged with loving their horses more than their own children. In times of famine and distress they have been known to give them food in preference to their own family. This is borne out not only by historic narratives, but by the chaunts of the Arab poets. Let us quote one as an example. It is addressed by the learned Ben-Sama to the great tribe of the Beni-Aamer.

Beni-Aamer, why do I behold your horses
  Blemished and changed by misery?
Such a condition cannot be right for them.
Though death has an hour that no man can put back,
  Horses are your safeguard:
Give them the good things you yourselves like best;
  With pure barley fill their nosebags,
  And with iron furnish their hoofs.
    Love horses, and take care of them;
    In them alone lie honor and beauty.
  In taking care of them, you take care of yourselves.
The Arab who has not a good horse can never aim at renown.
  For my part, on this earth I know of no other happiness.

  And had I hundreds of gold *soulhanis*,
I should enjoy them only by sharing them with him.
  I would also support my family with them.
    And when they came to fail me
    I would humble my pride
  Even to beg alms proudly for my friend.
All the treasures of Karoun, without a horse,
  Would not make me happy.

  Does the north wind begin to blow,
  Do the heavens open upon the earth,
  Secure your horses from the cold rain,
Keep them warm, they deserve these attentions.
    For sports, for war,
  Adorn them with your richest saddles,
With bridles embroidered with gold, with superb garments,
  And the prophet will love you.

Sympathize, too, with the mares of your poor dependents,
  When in spite of all their efforts
  They have not sufficed for their wants;
Bestow upon them a generous hospitality,
  Share with them your ordinary food;
  Associate them with your own families,
  Many sins will be forgiven you.

  The sabres are drawn,
  The warriors are in their ranks,
The horse is about to become more precious than a wife.
  The fire of battle is kindled,
  I guide him into the midst of perils,
He protects me with his head and his croup,
And makes my enemies to flee.
  May Allah preserve this well-maned horse,
    Whose eyes flash fire!
    Love horses, take care of them;
  In them alone lie honor and beauty.

In the Sahara the horse is the noblest creature after man. The most honorable occupation is to rear him. The most delightful pastime is to mount him. The best of all actions is to tend him well.

Reading and Books.

All that a university or final higher school can do for us, is still but what the first school began doing—teach us to read. We learn to read in various languages, in various sciences; we learn the alphabet and letters of all manner of books. But the place where we are to get knowledge, even theoretic knowledge, is in the books themselves. It depends on what we read, after all manner of professors have done their best for us. The true university of these days is a collection of books.—*Carlyle.*

For general improvement, a man should read whatever his immediate inclination prompts him to; though, to be sure, if a man has a science to learn, he must regularly and resolutely advance. What we read with inclination makes a stronger impression. If we read without inclination, half the mind is employed in fixing the inclination; so there is but half to be employed on what we read.—*Dr. Johnson.*

If you are in a strait—a very good indication as to choice—perhaps the best you could get is a book you have a great curiosity about. You are then in the readiest and best of all possible conditions to improve by that book. It is analogous to what doctors tell us about the physical health and appetite of the patient. You must learn to distinguish between false appetite and real. There is such a thing as a false appetite, which will lead him into vagaries with regard to diet, will tempt him to eat spicy things which he should not eat at all, and would not but that it is loathsome, and for the moment a baseness of mind. A man ought to inquire and find out what he really and truly has an appetite for; what suits his constitution; and that, doctors tell him, is the very thing he ought to have in general. And so with books. —*Carlyle.*

The first step to be taken in self improvement is to try, as hard as the self-teacher can to understand every word he reads, and, as a consequence of all this, to put aside all books and all writers that he cannot understand. Such books burden and fill his mind with useless lumber. Such writers themselves, too, it may be added, do not always express clearly what they wish to convey, and therefore are obscure, hidden, wordy, and dry to the humble student. The duty of the self-educator is, therefore, to seize eagerly that which he does understand, and to reject that which he cannot comprehend, or to defer it until he shall be more advanced and able to master it. How to read a book is a much heavier task than many take it to be. From careless readers we have now many careless writers; but where the book is good, it deserves to be well treated. One may take it also as a fact, that the reader really takes up a book to use it, not to gallop or to hurry through it. It is well that he should know what he is about, that he should read and think over the title-page, acquaint himself, if he can, with some little history of the author, some hint as to whether he is trustworthy or biased. Then he should carefully read the preface, and master the idea that the author had when he wrote the book. He should then glance over the contents, look at the subdivisions and chapters, and finally read the book, if he chooses to do so. This, which may seem a round-about way to some, is in reality the shortest way. Some books, says Lord Bacon, are to be *tasted*, some to be read and digested. Let us presume that the work is of the common class, without any thought in it—a farrago of nonsense huddled together in haste, and made only for sale. The self-improver will save all his time by a preliminary study; oftentimes the title will tell him all that he wants to know; more often the title, the preface and contents will assure him that he has little to learn, and he will put aside the book and pass on to worthier food. For books are like men; sometimes their prefaces and addresses are by far the worthiest parts of them. As the reader progresses in his studies and gains in experience, he will find that there grows up to him almost an intuition by which he can tell, in a very few pages at least, a bad, empty and pretentious book, from that which will inform, teach and render him wiser.—*Hain Friswell.*

Wesley's Preaching.

"It was, I believe, in October, 1790, and not long before his death, that I heard John Wesley in the great round meeting-house at Colchester. He stood in a wide pulpit, and on each side stood a minister, and the two held him up, having their hands under his armpits. His feeble voice was barely audible. But his reverend countenance, especially his long white locks, formed a picture never to be forgotten. There was a vast crowd of lovers and admirers. It was, for the most part, pantomime, but the pantomime went to the heart. Of the kind, I never saw anything comparable to it in after-life." This incident was never forgotten by Robinson. He often related it at his own table, with the addition, that so greatly was Wesley reverenced, that the people stood in a double line to see him as he passed through the streets on his way to the chapel. In a letter written at the time to one of his brothers, he gave the following particulars of the same occurrence:—"At another time, and not knowing the man, I should almost have ridiculed his figure. Far from it now. I look upon him with a respect bordering on enthusiasm. After the people had sung one verse of a hymn, he rose and said: 'It gives me a great pleasure to find that you have not lost your singing. Neither men nor women—you have not forgot a single note. And I hope that by the assistance of the same God who enables you to sing well, you may do all other things well.' A universal 'Amen' followed. At the end of every head or division of his discourse, he finished by a kind of prayer, a momentary wish, as it were, not consisting of more than three or four words, which were always followed by a universal buzz. His discourse was short, the text I could not hear. After the last prayer he rose up and addressed the people upon liberality of sentiment, and spoke much against refusing to join with any congregation on account of difference of opinion. He said, 'If they do but fear God, work righteousness, and keep His commandments, we have nothing to object to.'"—*Diary of Henry Crabb Robinson.*

THE HILLS.

Come, for the mists are rising from the vale
Like clouds of incense from a shrine of prayer;
Come up among the hills, the free, strong gale
  Is blowing freshly there.

There blooms the purple heather in its prime;
There hums the wild bee in its happy flight;
There sound the sheep-bells like a fairy chime
  Drifting from height to height.

There float the light cloud-shadows, and the blue
Of the eternal dome above is nigh;
There are no leafy boughs to screen from view
  That arch of sapphire sky.

Come, for the wild, free solitude is sweet
And far below shall rise the world of care;
No sound of strife, no tramp of restless feet
  Can ever reach thee there.

Come, when thy soul within thee is oppressed
With vague misgivings and with musings sad;
For in the sense of freedom there is rest—
  The hills shall make thee glad.

Come, for each breath inspires some lofty thought,
When the pure mountain air thy spirit fills;
The lessons that the ancient sages taught
  Were learned among the hills.

BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL," &c.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Back in an easy chair she lay, in the little room that was once Mr. North's parlor. The window was flung open to the sweet flowers, to the balmy air; and Ellen Adair drank in alike their beauty and their perfume.

She took to this room as her own sitting-room the day she came back. She liked it. Sir William, seeing that, had caused the shabby old carpet and chairs and tables to be put out, and fresh and bright furniture brought in. How willingly, had it been possible, would he have kept her in life!

Just for a few days had hope lasted—no more. The change in her had come on suddenly, and was unmistakable. She wore a loose white gown, tied round the waist with a pink girdle, and a little bow of pink ribbon—her favorite color—at the neck. She sought to look well yet; her toilet was attended to, her bright hair was arranged carefully as ever. But the maid did all that. The wan face was very sweet still, the soft brown eyes had all their old lustre. Very listless was the worn white hand lying on her lap, loosely sat the plain gold ring on it—the ring that, through all the toil and trouble, had never been taken off. Ellen was alone. Sir William had gone by appointment to see over Richard North's works.

A sound as of steps on the gravel. He *could* not have come back yet! A moment's listening, and then the red hectic flushed her face, for she knew the step too well.

Captain Bohun had returned, then! Captain Bohun had gone to London to see Sir Nash off on his projected Continental journey to those springs that were to make him young again. Sir Nash had always looked for Arthur to accompany him, but he now acknowledged that Ellen's claims were paramount to his. She had thought he might have been back yesterday.

He came in at the glass doors, knowing he should probably find her in the room. But his joyous smile died away when he saw her face, his step halted, his already held out hand dropped at his side.

"*Ellen!*"

In a timid, frightened, wailing tone was the word spoken. Only three days' absence, and she had faded like this! Was it a relapse?—or what had she been doing to cause the change?

For a few minutes, perhaps, neither of them was sufficiently collected to know what passed. In his shock of abandonment, he knelt by the chair, holding her hands, his eyes dropping tears. The remorse ever gnawing at his heart was very cruel just then. Ellen bent towards him, and whispered that he must be calm—must bear like a man: things were but drawing a little nearer.

"I should have been down yesterday, but that I waited in town making sundry purchases and preparations," he said. "Ellen, I thought that—perhaps—next month—your father would have given you over to me."

"Did you?" she faintly answered.

"You must be mine," he continued, in too deep emotion to weigh his words. "If you were to die first, I—I think it would kill me."

"Look at me," was all she answered.

"See whether it is possible."

"There's no knowing. It might restore you. The fresh scenes, the warm pure climate, that I would take you to—we'd find one somewhere—might do wonders. I pointed this out to Sir William in the winter."

"But I have not been well enough for it, Arthur."

"Ellen, it must be! Why, you know—you know that you were almost my wife. Half an hour later, and you would have been."

She released one of her hands, and hid her face upon it. Captain Bohun grew more earnest in his pleading; he was really thinking this thing might be.

"I shall declare the truth to Sir William Adair—and I know I ought to have done so before, Ellen. When he shall know how very near we were to being man and wife, he will make no farther objection to giving you to me now. My care and love will restore you if anything can."

She had put down her hand again, and was looking at him, a little startled, and her cheeks hectic.

"Arthur, hush. Papa must never know this while I live. Do as you will afterwards."

"I shall tell him before the day's out," persisted Captain Bohun. And she began to tremble with agitation.

"No, no. I say no. I should die with the shame."

"What shame?" he rejoined.

"The shame that—that—fell upon me. The shame of—after having consented to a secret marriage, you should have left me as you did and not fulfilled it, and never told me why. It lies upon me still, and I cannot help it. I think it is that that has helped to kill me more than all the rest. Oh, Arthur, forgive me for saying this! Do not you renew the shame now."

Never had his past conduct been brought so forcibly home to him. Never had his heart so ached with its repentant pain. He stood up and laid her face upon his breast, and the scalding tears fell from his eyes upon it.

"The fear lest the secret should be discovered lay upon me always," she whispered. "While I was staying here it seemed to me one long mental torment, a pain of prolonged crucifixion. Had the humiliation come, I could never have borne it. Spare me still, Arthur."

Every word she spoke was like a dagger thrusting its sharp point into his heart. *She* was going—going rapidly—where neither pain nor humiliation could reach her. But he had, in all probability, a long life before him, and must live out his bitter repentance.

"Oh, my love, my love! I wish I could die for you!"

"Don't grieve, Arthur; I shall be better off. You and papa must comfort one another."

He was unconsciously turning round the plain gold ring on her wasted hand, a sob now and again breaking from him. How real the past was seeming to him; even the hour when he had put that ring on, and the words he spoke with it, were very present. What remained of it all? Nothing, save that she was dying.

"I should like to give you this key now, while I am well enough to remember," she suddenly said, detaching a small key from her watch-chain. "It belongs to my treasure-bag, as I used to call it at school. They will give it you when I am dead."

"Oh, Ellen!"

"The other ring is in it, and the license—for I did not burn it, as you bade me that day in the churchyard; and the two or three letters you ever wrote me; and my journal, and some withered flowers, and other foolish trifles. You can do what you like with them, Arthur; they will be yours then. And oh, Arthur! if you grieve any more now like this you will hurt me, for I cannot bear that you should suffer pain. God bless you, my darling, my almost husband! We should have been very happy with one another."

He laid his aching brow on her sweet face, striving to suppress the anguish that went well-nigh to unman him. Her own tears were falling.

"Be comforted," she whispered; "Arthur, be comforted! It won't be for so many years, even as the most; and then we shall be together, in heaven!"

* * * * * * *

And so she died. A week or two more of lingering pain and suffering, and then she was at rest. And that was the ending of one of the sweetest girls this world has ever known—Ellen Adair.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

CONCLUSION.

The genial spring gave place to a fiery summer; and summer, in its turn, was giving place to autumn. There is nothing of much note to record of the interval; just a passing word of gossip here and there.

Dallory, as regards North Inlet, was no longer a crowded place. The poor workmen, with their wives and families, had mostly drifted away from it; some few were emigrating, some had brought their minds (or, as they expressed it, their stomachs) to accept that last and hated refuge, the workhouse; and seemed likely, so far as present prospects looked, to be permanent recipients of its hospitality. The greater portion, however, had wandered away to different parts of the country, seeking for that employment they could no longer get in their native place. Poole and the other conspirators had been tried at the March assizes. Richard North pleaded earnestly for a lenient sentence on them, and he was listened to. Poole got a term of penal servitude, shorter than it would otherwise have been, and the others hard labor. One and all, including Mr. Poole, declared that they would not willingly have injured Richard North.

So, what with one thing and another, North Inlet had too much room in it, and was now at peace. There was no longer any need of special policemen. As to Richard, he was going on steadily and quietly; progressing a little, not much. Some five or six men had been added to his small number, of whom Ketlar was one; Ketlar having, as Jelly said, come to his senses. But the works would never be what they had been. For one thing, Richard had not capital; and if he had, perhaps he might not now have cared to embark it. Provided he could gain a sufficient income for expenses, and employ his time and energies, it was all he asked.

Madam lived abroad permanently. Mr. North (Richard really) allowed her two hundred a year; her son Arthur two; Sir Nash two. Six hundred a year; but it was pretty plainly intimated to Madam that this income was only guaranteed so long as she kept herself aloof from them. Madam retorted that she liked the continent too well to leave it for snuffy old England.

Matilda North had married a French count whom they had met at Baden Baden. She, herself, made the announcement to her step-brother Arthur in a self-possessed letter, telling him that as the Count's fortune was not equal to his merits, she should depend upon him (Arthur) to assist them yearly. Sidney North had also married. Tired, possibly, with his most uncertain existence, finding supplies from home were now the exception rather than the rule, and not daring to show his face on English soil to entreat for them, Mr. Sidney North entered into the bonds of matrimony with a wealthy American dame who was a few years older than himself, the widow of a great man who had made his fortune by the oil springs. It was to be hoped he would keep himself straight now.

And Mr. North, feeling that he was securely freed from Madam, was happy as a prince, and confidentially told people that he thought he was growing young again. Benny wrote to him weekly; pleasant, happy letters. She liked her new home in the new world very much indeed; and she said Oliver seemed not to have a single care. The new firm, Jones and Rane, had more patients than they could well attend to, and all things were well with them. In short, Dr. and Mrs. Rane were evidently both prosperous and happy. No one was more pleased to know this than Mrs. Gass. *She* flourished; and her beaming face was more beaming than ever as seen abroad, setting the wives of Richard North's workmen to rights, or looking out from behind her geraniums.

Dallory Hall was empty again. William Adair had quitted it, his mission there over. Richard North was thinking about removing the furniture out; but in truth he did not know what to do with it. There was no hurry, for Miss Dallory said she did not intend to let it again at present.

Perhaps the only one not just now in a state of bliss was Jelly. Jelly had made a frightful discovery of iniquity—Tim Wilks was faithless. For several months now (as it came out) Mr. Wilks had transferred his allegiance from herself to Molly Greene, whom he was courting at Whitborough in secrecy. At least, keeping it from Jelly. The truth was, poor Tim did not dare to tell her. Jelly heard of it in a manner that astounded her. Spending a Sunday at Whitborough, with Mrs. Beverage's servants, Jelly went to morning service at one of the churches. "Fate" took her to that particular one, she said. And there she heard the banns of marriage read out for the first time of asking, between Timothy Wilks, bachelor, and Mary Greene, spinster. Jelly nearly shrieked aloud in her indignation. Had the culprits been present she might have felt obliged to box their ears afterwards in coming out. It proved to be all true. Tim and Molly were going to be married, and Tim was furnishing a pretty cottage at Whitborough.

And that is how matters were at present in Dallory.

One autumn day, when the woods were glowing with their many colors, and the guns might be heard making war on the partridges, Richard North overtook one of his Flemish workmen at the base of a hill about half a mile from his works. The man was wheeling a wheelbarrow that contained sand, but not in the handy, ready manner that an Englishman would, and Richard took it himself.

"Can's you learn, Snaude?" he said, addressing the man by name. "Look here; you should stoop; you must not get the barrow nearly upright. See how you've spilt the sand."

Wheeling it along and paying attention to nothing else, Richard took no notice of a basket-carriage that was clattering down the opposite hill. It pulled up when it reached him. Looking up, Richard saw Miss Dallory. Giving the wheelbarrow over to the man, Richard took the hand she held out.

"Yes," he said, laughing, "you stop to shake hands with me now, but you won't do it soon."

"No? Why not?" she questioned.

"You saw me wheeling the barrow along?"

"Yes. It did not look very heavy."

"I have to put my hands to all sorts of things now, you perceive, Miss Dallory."

"Just so. I hope you like doing it."

"Well, I do."

"But I want to know what you mean by saying I shall soon not stop to speak to you."

"When you become a great lady. Report says you are about to marry."

"Does it? Do you still think, sir, I am going to take a Bobus?"

"There has been some lord down at your brotner's place, once or twice. The gossips in Dallory says that he comes for you."

"Then you can tell the gossips that they are a great deal wiser than I am. Stand still, sir"—to the shaggy pony. "I would not have him, and I'm sure he has not the remotest idea of having me. Why, he is hardly out of his teens. I daresay he thinks me old enough to be his godmother"

Miss Dallory played with the reins, and then glanced at Richard. He was looking at her earnestly, as he leaned on the side of the low carriage.

"That young man has come down for the shooting, Mr. Richard. Frank takes him out to it every day. As for me, I do not intend to marry at all. Never."

"What shall you do then?"

"Live at Dallory Hall. Frank is going to be married, to the lord's sister. Now there's some information for you, but you need not proclaim it. It is true. I shall remove myself and my bundles to the Hall, and live in it till I die."

"It will be very lonely for you."

"Yes, I know that," she answered in a sad tone. "Most old maids are lonely. There will be Frank's children, perhaps, to come and stay with me sometimes."

Their eyes met. Each understood the other as exactly as though a host of words had been spoken. She would have *one* man for a husband—if he would have her.

Richard went nearer. His lips were pale, his tones hoarse with emotion.

"Mary, it would not be suitable. Think of your money; your birth. I told you once before not to tempt me. Why you know—you *know* that I have loved you all along too well for my own peace. In the old days when those works of ours"—pointing to the distant chimneys—"were of note, and we wealthy, I allowed myself to cherish dreams that I should be ashamed to confess to: but that's all over and done with. It would not be suitable now."

She blushed, and smiled; and turned her head away from him to study the opposite hedge while she spoke.

"For my part, I think there was never anything so suitable since the world was made."

"Mary, I cannot."

"If you will please get off my basket-chaise, sir, I'll drive on."

But he did not stir. Miss Dallory played with the reins again.

"Mary, *how* can I? If you had nothing, it would be different. I cannot live at Dallory Hall."

"No one else ever shall." But Richard had to bend to catch the whisper.

"The community would cry shame upon me. Upon the poor man of work, Richard North."

"How dare you call yourself names, Mr. Richard? You are a gentleman."

"What would John and Francis say?"

"What they pleased. Francis likes you better than anybody in the world; better than—well, yes, sir—better than I do."

He had one of her hands now. She knew, she had known a long while, how it was with him—that he loved her passionately, but would never, under his altered circumstances, tell her so. And, moreover, she knew that he was aware she knew it.

"But, Mary, since—since before you returned from Switzerland up to this hour, I have not dared to think the old hopes could be carried out, even to my own heart."

"You think it better that I should grow into an old maid and you into an old bachelor. Very well. Thank you. Perhaps we shall both be happier for it. Let me drive on, Mr. Richard."

He drew her nearer; he made her turn to him. The great love of his heart shone in his face and eyes. A face of emotion then. She dropped the reins, regardless of what the rough pony might please to do, and put her other hand upon his.

"Oh Richard, don't let us carry on the farce any longer! We have been playing it all these months and years. Let us at least be honest with each other: and then, if you decide for separation, why—it must be so."

But, as it seemed, Richard did not mean to decide for it. He glanced round to make sure that nobody was in the lonely road, and drawing her face to his breast left some strangely ardent kisses on it.

"I could not give up my works, Mary."

"Nobody asked you to, sir."

"It is just as though I had left the furniture in the Hall for the purpose."

"Perhaps you did."

"Mary!"

"There's the pony going. Stand still, Gyp. I won't give up Gyp, mind, Richard. I know he is frightfully ragged and ugly, and you despise him more than tongue can tell; but I won't give him up. He can be the set-off bargain against your works, sir."

"Agreed," answered Richard, laughing. And he chose to seal the bargain.

Mary said again that she must drive on; and did not. How long they would really have stayed it was impossible to say, but for the man's coming back from the works with the empty wheelbarrow for more sand.

* * * * * * *

And there's no more to say. When the next spring came round, Richard North and his wife were established at Dallory Hall. Somewhere about the time of the marriage, there occurred a little warfare. Mary, who owned a great nest of accumulated money, wanted Richard to take it for his business. Richard steadily refused. A small portion would be useful to him; that he would take; but no more.

"Richard," she said to him one day, before they had been married a week, "I do think you are more obstinate upon this point than any other. You should hear what Mrs. Gass says about it."

"She says it to me," returned Richard, laughing. "There's not my equal for obstinacy in the world, she tells me."

"And you know there's not, sir."

But the next minute he put aside lightness, and grew strangely serious.

"I cannot give up business, Mary; I have already said so—"

"I should despise you if you did, Richard," she interrupted. "I have money and gentility—I beg you'll not laugh, sir; you have work, and brains to work with; so we are equally matched. But I wish you'd take the money."

"No," said Richard. "I will never again enter on gigantic operations, and be at the beck and call of the Trades' Unions. There's another reason against it—that it would require larger supervision on my part. And as I have now divided duties to attend to, I shall not increase them. I should not choose to neglect my works; I should not choose to neglect my wife."

"A wilful man must have his way," quoth Mary.

"And a wilful woman shall have hers in all things, save when I see that it would not be for her good," rejoined Richard, holding his wife before him by the waist.

"I daresay I shall!" she saucily answered. "Is that a bargain, Richard?"

"To be sure." And Richard sealed it as he had the other one some months before.

And so we leave Dallory and its people at peace. Even Jelly was in feather. Jelly, ruling Mr. North indoors; and giving her opinion, unasked, in a free and easy manner whenever she chose, as to the interests of the garden—(which opinion poor Mr. North enjoyed instead of reproved, and grew to look for)—Jelly had taken on another young man in the person of Mr. Francis Dallory's head gardener. He was a staid young Scotchman; very respectful to Jelly, and quite attentive. Mr. Seeley had moved into Dr. Rane's old house, and old Paillis was his housekeeper; so that Jelly's neighborly relations with the next door were continued as usual.

On Arthur Bohun there remained the greatest traces of the past. Sir Nash was restored to health; and Arthur, in his never-ceasing remorse, would sometimes hope that he would marry again: he should almost hate to succeed to the rank and wealth to which he had, in a degree, sacrificed one who had been far dearer to him than life. Arthur's ostensible home was with Sir Nash; but he was fond of coming to Dallory. He had stayed twice with Mr. North, and Richard's home, the Hall, would be always open to him. The most bitter moments of Arthur Bohun's life, were those that he spent with Sir William Adair: never could he get rid of the consciousness of having wronged him—of having helped to make him childless. Sir William had grown to love him as a son—which was but an additional stab for Arthur's aching heart.

And whenever Arthur Bohun came to Dallory, he would pay a visit to a certain white tomb in the churchyard. Choosing a solitary evening for it, after dusk had fallen, and staying by it for hours, indulging his dreadful grief. Who can tell how he called upon her? who can tell how he poured out all the misery of his repentant heart, praying to be forgiven? Neither she nor Heaven could answer him in this world. She was gone; gone; all his regret was unavailing to recall her: there remained nothing but the marble stone, and the simple name on it:

"ELLEN ADAIR."

☞ The health of Jean Ingelow is reported to be much improved, though she is not yet able to travel.

☞ The Egyptians, 2,000 years ago, could make fine linen cloth of quality equal to any that is now worn.

☞ Preliminary to his marriage with the Princess Louise, the Marquis of Lorn is to be made a duke.

☞ MINISTERS AND LOTTERIES.—The ministers of the present day, who look with such holy horror upon the lottery, will doubtless be much more horrified at the record left by one of their number a hundred years ago. In a day-book left by the Rev. Samuel Seabury, father of the first Protestant Episcopal Bishop in the United States, is the following entry: "June, 1703. The ticket, number 5866, by the blessing of God, in the Lighthouse and Public Lottery of New York, appointed by Law, Anno Domini, 1703, drew in my favor £500 0s 0d., of which I received £425 0s 0d., which the deduction of fifteen per cent. makes £500, for which I now record to my Posterity my thanks and Praise to Almighty God the Giver of all good gifts. Amen."

☞ "I thought I understood you to say that your father was a merchant only a week ago," said a lady to a little girl who was soliciting alms, "and, if that is so, how could your family have been reduced to beggary?" "It is true, ma'am, my father kept a peanut stand, and last week he took a bad two-dollar bill and failed!"

The Indians of California.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY OLD BLOCK.

NO. 1.

My first introduction to the Indians of California was in the fall of 1849, at Lawson's Ranch, in the upper part of the Valley of the Sacramento. I had just arrived from an arduous and trying journey across the plains from a civilized land. I had passed many tribes of brave, stalwart natives, from the Missouri River to the great American desert, and my ideas of Indians, and Indian life, were predicated upon what I had witnessed in my transit, as well as what I had previously read of them. I suddenly found myself in a new field, where the attributes of humanity seemed suddenly changed from certain noble characteristics to what appeared to me the most degraded specimens of human nature. I had yet to learn that the miserable, squalid, uncouth, nay, even disgusting, natives before me really possessed certain virtues, and even noble attributes of character. Since then I have lived among them; and at one period, when the Government was trying to induce them to remove to Reservations, I was an agent to whom was committed the care of them while they lived in bands in a certain native locality, and was acknowledged by them as "*El Capitan*," of all the tribes in a district twenty-five miles wide by seventy in length.

There was a *Rancheria*, or village of Indians at Lawson's. In it I saw groups of naked, dirty human beings, lying upon the ground in the hot sun, or else covered by a slight shade of bush huts hastily erected; and many of them suffering from a disease of the skin occasioned by bad diet and abominable filth; and many of their women with hair filled with pitch, and faces and bosoms blackened or painted with the same material, the meaning of which I did not then understand. The men were entirely naked; the women wearing a short apron only of twisted grass, tied by a coarse string around their waists. Some were sleeping, while others were indulging in a feast of raw tallow from the fatty pieces of dirty-looking beef; altogether presenting to my unsophisticated eyes a scene of the most squalid wretchedness I had ever beheld. And this was the grand characteristic of the California Indian's home-life in 1849. Lazy, indolent, improvident, it was only when hunger, war, or a desire to change their location impelled them to action, that they presented another phase of their character which I had yet to learn. A year later I had established a trading post on Feather River, adjoining an Indian *Rancheria*—and as I was entirely alone, with only one white neighbor within miles of me, I made it a point to conciliate their good-will, for I was entirely in their power; and in this I succeeded so perfectly, that if I had occasion to be absent for days together, I felt quite safe in leaving my stock of goods and provisions entirely in their care, and my confidence was never abused in a single instance. Under the general view that human nature is the same in the main with regard to certain rights of property and justice, I laid down some rules for my own observance, which proved correct, and which subsequently, when I was called upon to act in a public capacity, aided me in the government of my subjects.

I never told them a falsehood; I paid them honestly and fairly for such services from them as I required; I never interfered with their domestic affairs to excite their jealousy or ill-will; and I never, upon any occasion, gave them strong liquors; and consequently I not only never had any trouble with them, but they protected my property from being plundered; and upon more than one occasion, drove off white men who attempted to appropriate my property during my absence. They had unbounded confidence in me. I never asked a favor of them but it was instantly and cheerfully rendered. It is an Indian view of morality, that it is right to steal from enemies, and *they regard all as enemies whom they do not know to be friends.* Once acquire their confidence, and they become trusty and willing servants. At one time California had a large population of Indians. Previous to 1834, their number was estimated at over 100,000. So little labor was required to sustain life, that the race multiplied instinctively. Wild game was abundant, together with vast quantities of acorns, and a peculiar kind of grass-seed, something resembling millet, out of both of which they make their bread; and all that was necessary for their subsistance was to gather their food as it ripened on the tree or the plain—and to shoot the deer, the elk, or the graceful antelope, as they grazed in vast herds upon the luxurious grass of the valleys. Small game, such as hares and squirrels and various kinds of birds, was very numerous. While all the streams abounded with salmon, speckled trout, and many other varieties of delicious fish. There was little motive for continual exertion, and they seemed almost an exception to the command of the Holy Record, that they should earn their substance "by the sweat of the brow." Yet with all this rose-coloring in the Happy Valley of California, they were neither exempt from human passions nor from disease. Wars were common between different bands, and the mountain and valley tribes were almost always at war. They never moved from home without their arms; and even to this day, when the tribes are reduced to a mere handful, it is rare to see an Indian without his bow and quiver of arrows. But the first great destroyer of the race came soon after the advent of later civilization, about the year 1824, when small-pox was introduced. This scourge swept off whole tribes—and after its fury seemed to have spent itself, and the tribes once more began to increase, it appeared again in 1836—and from this visitation they never recovered.

In the summer of 1851, business called me to the town of Shasta, situated some distance beyond the northern extremity of the Sacramento Valley. During one ride I saw numerous remains of old but large villages above Colusa, the inhabitants of which had wholly perished. From every indication, there must have been a large population at one time—where for miles and miles there was not now a dusky face remaining.

Following this, came the white man with his new customs and habits, his virtues and his vices; and where have the native Indians ever prospered in close connexion with the white man? They do not comprehend his virtues, but readily adopt his vices. Fire-water and to them new modes of living soon make their mark—and the Indians dwindle away and perish. In the early days they were no clothes; their bodies became accustomed to changes of weather, as our faces do, and they suffered no more from cold in this equable climate than we do with our hands and faces exposed. But when civilization came, they adopted the cast-off clothes of the whites; and ill-clad and ill-fed, as they must necessarily be—one day with a full suit, and the next with perhaps only a ragged shirt; one day gorging themselves with beef, and then fasting for days—the result was colds, bilious diseases, inflammation of the lungs, which swept them away faster than they increased.

As the country became settled, the game disappeared; the oaks, which bore their staple for bread, were cut down, and the very ground which bore their nourishing grass seed was ploughed up, and within a few short years the poor Indian found himself cut off from all his old resources of procuring a living; and unaccustomed to labor, by nature improvident, nothing was left him but to die. From motives of humanity the government conceived and adopted the plan of gathering the various tribes upon reservations, in order that they might be protected as far as possible from the encroachments of our people, as well as to smooth the path of their downward and inevitable destiny.

I may add that these "gatherings of the clans" were not successful. They were mostly failures, opening a field for speculation, while they scarcely stayed the decimation of the tribes. It was proposed to remove them to these reservations by their own consent. Strong representations of the benevolent intentions of the government were made to them; they were told that they would be well fed and clothed and properly cared for, while if they remained they would suffer for want of food and die on their native hills. Many were induced to go, while parts of whole tribes would not listen to arguments for removal. An Indian is even more attached to his native hills and plains than our own people are to their self-created homes. Among many tribes a spirit of resistance was excited, and sometimes under this feeling, stimulated perhaps by hunger, depredations were committed upon the stock and stores of the white settlers.

Soon after my appointment as superintendant of the Nevada District the Indians became very uneasy from the reports of vicious white men that they were all to be sent to the reservation at Tehama. Complaints were frequently made to me that the Indians were killing cattle, throwing down fences and threatening to burn buildings. By some means, even before my appointment, I had become popular with them, and they regarded me as their friend. Within twenty-four hours after my appointment it was known through all my territory that I had been made *Capitan*, and three days after I was waited upon by twenty chiefs, who expressed their congratulations in their simple but affectionate manner. When the troubles above-mentioned began, I received one day a message by a runner that the Indians of several tribes desired to have a grand talk, and proposed a meeting in grand council on a certain day at a place of their own choosing. I agreed to meet them. It was on a Saturday in November. The day was dark and lowering, a drizzling rain set in, and in a cheerless mood I mounted my horse to ride over the dark pine-covered mountains to the place of rendezvous. I knew the Indians were excited, but I trusted to their well-known friendship for protection, and I went on alone and unarmed, thinking of what they might have to say to me.

After a lonely ride of seven or eight miles, I approached their encampment, situated upon an open space on one of the hills. I was soon discovered by loungers while at some distance from the camp, when a wild shout was set up of "*El Capitan!—el Capitan* is here," and scores of men started up and ran to meet me at their utmost speed. Surrounding my horse, some taking hold of my stirrups, others seizing my bridle, talking and shouting all the while, they led me either as a prisoner or in a kind of rude triumph to the centre of their encampment. All around camp-fires were burning, rude shelters were made from the boughs of trees; men, women and children stood around in groups, making a wild and weird scene. Soon several of the principal chiefs approached: some advanced and took my hand, while others stood at a little distance, but all bearing a friendly demeanor.

"Well, Yokolam, I am here," said I, addressing the old gray-headed chief.

"Yes, el capitan, but me feared you would not come."

"Did I ever deceive you?" I asked seriously. "Did I ever make you a promise I did not perform, capitan?"

"No: we trust you, but the clouds are dark, the sun hides his face and the waters fall, and we feared a white skin could not stand the mountain mists," he replied, quietly.

"Well, capitan, you see I am here, and that I do not fear the clouds. My skin, like my heart, is good."

"Hugh! hah! *Bueno el Capitan!*" for they generally understand a little mongrel Spanish, and often use it in speaking to the whites.

After a little common, plain talk, such as asking if they had plenty of acorns, if the crop of manzineta berries was good, if they had beef and flour, and if there was health among them, I said to them: "Well, I have come to hear you talk: I have come to talk with you. The sun will be going down, and I must go down to my *campo* before he sets. Call your men together."

There were about eight hundred present, as near as I could hastily estimate them, for many bands were represented and a large delegation was congregated.

"Come! come! come!" was lustily shouted. "*El Capitan* will talk;" and the masses soon gathered around me.

I still sat on my horse, although invited to alight. I told them, and truly, that I could see them all now, and they could hear me better than on the ground. As they gathered around with upturned faces, their long, coarse black locks waving in the breeze, their bare bosoms and frames exposed to the rain-drops and chill air of the mountain, there was an earnestness in their gaze which indicated that their gathering was for a *national* purpose, and however light and frivolous the occasion might be to a disinterested observer, to them it was of deep importance. A death-like stillness reigned as I inquired: "Well, my friends, what do you want?"

There was a pause of some minutes when an old gray-headed man stepped forward, and looking me steadily in the eye, replied in slow and dignified terms: "You ask us what we want. We want nothing but to be left alone. Before *Americano* came we were happy, we wanted nothing. There was game on the hills and seeds in the valley. Our orios were full of acorns, our streams full of water. The oak and the pine gave us bread, the trees gave us shade. We wanted nothing then, we want nothing now, but to be left alone on our own hills. Our council-houses held big fires when the snows came, our hearts were warm, and we felt not the winter snows. We wanted nothing—we were happy. How is it now? The Americans came; they have killed all our game, they have turned off our streams, they cut down our acorn trees, they dig up our grass land, they fence up our springs. We no longer have meat or bread, and when we would drink from the spring we have to go where white men claim the water and drive us off. We cannot even dig the gold which is the heart of the white man, but he points his pistol at us. We cannot gather acorns or seeds; we cannot hunt the hare; we cannot get even a drink of water without going upon some white man's land. And now that he has got all, he wants to drive us away. He will send us to Tehama. We won't go to Tehama," he continued with vehemence, which was responded to by the excited crowd. "Hugh! hah! hah!" was echoed from hundreds of dusky throats. "We won't go to Tehama. *El Capitan*, this land is ours, these hills are ours, these trees are ours, the springs are ours; all, all ours. We won't go to Tehama. These were our fathers' hills; their bodies were burned here, and here their ashes are gathered. Where theirs lie, ours shall. We won't go to Tehama."

The old man ceased with a proud look of justice on his side, and a loud whoop of acquiescence resounded through the whole assembly. I had read of Indian eloquence, but I never listened to it before. As the old Indian became warmed with his subject his eyes glistened with fervor, his whole being seemed to be animated, and I could not help recognising in that poor, squalid, hatless, coatless being before me a true orator of Nature, who might have graced a higher place.

Of course a reply was expected, but how was I to combat such palpable truths as the old savage had uttered? I had no desire save to state simple facts, so I told them there was much truth in what had been said. "But how is it? The white men are here—you cannot drive them away. They are as numerous as the leaves upon the trees, and they will not go. I have not the power to make them go. They have guns, and powder, and strength. You cannot drive them away while more are coming. Our great father in Washington could not keep them at home; but he loves the Indian, and while he loves them he desires to do all he can for them. To give you protection he has set off lands where you may go and be secure from further encroachment. Here you are poor, cold and hungry. If you go to Tehama you will have plenty of bread to eat and clothes to wear; you will not feel the winter snow; you will never be without meat."

"We won't go to Tehama!" once more resounded through the clans.

"Very well. Our great *capitan* in Washington will not force you to go. He only asks you to go that you may be well cared for. If you choose to stay here, poor, cold and hungry, you may stay, and I will do all I can to protect you."

"*Bueno el Capitan! bueno el Capitan!* we will stay where our fathers lie."

"But there is a condition: you must be good Indians; you must not kill cattle; you must not tear down fences; you must not take gold from a white man's claim; for then I cannot protect you, and they will force you to go to Tehama or shoot you."

"We won't go to Tehama! We will stay and die on our hills; we will be good."

And so our conference ended in good-will, for they had been under the impression that they were to be forced away; and when I assured them that they could stay if they chose, it seemed as if an immense weight had been lifted off their hearts, and with the simplicity of children they believed that I had the power to protect them in their birthright.

A part of the tribes had already been to the reservation, including Weimer, the king of many tribes, but they nearly all deserted and found their way back again, preferring the poverty of their native and occupied hills to the comparative comfort of a government farm. For a whole year I had no further trouble, and probably should have had none at all had it not been for intermeddling whites, who often told them they were to be driven off, simply to frighten them and derive sport from their alarm.

☞ In Tamaqua, the "Mountain City" of Pennsylvania, has resided for many years an old colored individual, by occupation a barber, who one day complained of the sufferings from dyspepsia, and attributed his ailment to the fact of having no teeth, by which he was unable to properly masticate his food. "Well, Simon," said a by-stander, "why don't you get a set of false teeth? They wouldn't cost you much." "False teef!" exclaimed Simon; "oh, no, sah! no you don't? I'se had jest all de teef I want in my mouf! I'se suffered more wid de toofache den I ever did wid de 'spepsey, an' I am glad enough to git shot of my teef! You don't git no mo' teef in my mouf—no, sah!"

☞ The coming winter, it is prophesied, will be very severe in England. Among the signs of "an old-fashioned winter" are given the recent aurora borealis on October 24th, and the condition of the trees and woods. The oaks are full of acorns and the hawthorns are crowded with great bunches of berries, it being believed that nature in this way makes provision for a hard winter. In addition, last summer in Great Britain was a continuous season of hot, dry weather, another forerunner, it is supposed, of a long, cold winter.

☞ The ramie plant is about to be utilized, an ingenious New Orleans man having invented a machine which will turn out 500 pounds per day of white fibre, and organized a company to manufacture it.

☞ VERY GRAMMATICAL.—The Evening Herald, which is a rather funny paper and full of good news, states that a lady in Syracuse sleeps with a grammar under her head that she may dream correctly.

☞ The New York Herald says that "turn about is fair play," and recommends that Porfirio Diaz or some other Mexican magnate go to France and set up a new Empire *a la* Maximilian.

☞ Some of the Pottsville grocers complain bitterly of nibblers just now. A nibbler is a man who enters a grocery store, runs his fingers into every sugar-barrel and takes a couple of ounces, then goes to the cheese and cuts off a slice, just to taste; then, as a matter of course, must have a few crackers, and perhaps before he makes up his mind to purchase a quarter dollars' worth, he has eaten up the profits on two dollars' worth of groceries. Nibblers visit other groceries besides those at Pottsville.

Charles Dickens.

In his own immediate literary circle, an among those who were on the most familia' terms with him, the name of "Mr. Dickens," or "Mr. Charles Dickens," or even "Charles," with his most intimate friends, was never heard. The respect felt for his genius—his superiority—took a more familiar form. He was invariably spoken of as "*the Chief!*" At All the Year Round office, the question was never, "Is Mr. Dickens in?" but "Has the *Chief* arrived?" "Is the *Chief* in?"

BLUE INK.—The present habit amongst literary men—especially amongst those formerly connected with Household Words, and more recently with All the Year Round—of using *blue* in preference to black ink, arose with Mr. Dickens. "The Chief" disliked the necessity of blotting his MS. in the progress of composition, and on finding that a certain make of blue ink dried almost immediately it left the pen, he invariably used that kind ever after; and thus began the fashion for blue ink among London journalists.

A HARD AND SLOW WRITER.—One who knew him well says: "He did not work by fits and starts, but had regular hours for labor, commencing about ten and ending about two. It is an old saying, that easy writing is very difficult reading; Mr. Dickens's works, so easily read, were by no means easily written. He labored at them prodigiously, both in their conception and execution. During the whole time that he had a book in hand, he was much more thoughtful and pre-occupied than in his leisure moments."

Tobacco.

Tobacco is the one best remedy for all stings of insects. Wet it so that the juice shall start, and place it on the place stung, and in one moment you are all right again. Last season a little grandchild walking on the grass near a bank, fell upon a nest of hornets, and the hornets fell upon her. She was sadly stung in some eight or ten places. Her screams brought the nurse. She too screamed. Everybody ran out of the house. "What's the matter?" and, "What's the matter?" sounded from half a score of frightened mouths. Tobacco was at hand. Little wads of it were wetted, bound on the spot stung, and in ten minutes the little girl was playing again, nimble as a cricket.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

☞ Milk drunk freely at meal time, has been found successful as a preservative against lead-poisoning.

☞ A writer speaks of a hut so miserable that it didn't know which way to fall, and so kept standing. This is like a man that had such a complication of diseases that he didn't know which to die of, and so lived on.

☞ Many of the original Anabaptists in Europe, in the sixteenth century, ran nearly or quite naked through the streets, rolling and tumbling, and affecting all the sports of children, because the Scripture saith that the truth is revealed to babes. A gentleman saw, a few years since, in the West, about a thousand men and women in a grove, rolling hoops, flying kites, leaping, running, rolling, and tumbling on the grass; the women caressing dolls, and the men astride of sticks for horses. They did all these things because Christ said, "Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven."

☞ An old lady, a saloon keeper at Long Branch, became so frightened at the recent appearance of the aurora borealis, that she rubbed all the names of her debtors off the slate, thinking the day of judgment had come.

☞ Wise men are puzzling themselves to account for the fresh water which comes up through an iron tube, sunk fifteen feet through the constantly shifting sands of Cape Cod, from fifteen to twenty feet from high water, and not more than three feet above it. The water in this tube rises and falls with the tide, yet more than one hundred barrels of water have been pumped from it at one time, without finding the slightest trace of saline matter. It is of such fine quality that vessels supply themselves for a sea voyage from this well.

☞ A VISION.—A little negro girl in Mississippi, on recovering from a trance of several hours' duration, declared that she had a vision of heaven and hell, and that one of the methods of punishment in the latter place was to cause the wicked to look into a dark room, where they could see all the meanness they had done on earth constantly before their eyes.

☞ A bank check for $500, which has had a curious history, was sent to the Treasury Department at Washington, a short time since. It was taken from the body of a murdered Texan cattle-drover, several years ago, by Indians, who in consequence of the variety of colors in the rich engravings, attached some special importance to it, and cut the paper into several pieces, dividing them among the tribe. A Peace Commissioner finally persuaded the gentle savages to give up the pieces, and he pasted them together, and forwarded the check—now complete—to Washington.

☞ THE READING AND WRITING CLAUSE.—Mr. S. F. McCleary quotes Massachusetts experiences, to show that the reading and writing limitation to suffrage has the effect of inducing the ignorant to become educated.

☞ Who has not drawn a sigh of distress at hearing a choir or congregation sing in dirge-like style that splendid tune "Old Hundred?" This style of singing is is clearly a perversion, as it is reliably stated that it was one of the liveliest of all ancient tunes. In 1621, Ravenscroft directed "that psalms of rejoicing be sung with a swift and jocund measure."

☞ Two-year old "Jennie," who lives in Northampton, is a very dainty little lady, and very much afraid of soiling her hands. One evening, while walking with her papa, the moon attracted her attention, upon which he asked her if she would like it to play with. After gravely deliberating the question, she replied, "No, papa, I am afraid I should get my hands all moon!"

☞ A preacher at a camp-meeting in the West delivered a discourse which chiefly turned upon the affectionate regard of Naaman for the land where he was cleansed from his leprosy. Alluding to Naaman's request to be permitted to take two mule-loads of the earth back to his own country, he naturally enough returned to his own conversion. Warming with his subject, he remarked that, if he could go back to Old England, he could point out the spot where he knelt when he was converted. "And," said he, "I often felt like Naaman! If I could get just two pints of that dirt from the spot where I knelt, *I wouldn't give it for all that I have eaten at the boarding-tent since I came upon this ground!*"

☞ "Mary," said an old lady, "it is a very solemn thing to get married." "I know it is, mother," replied Mary, "but it is a solemner thing not to."

☞ A new paper is about to be started in London, to be conducted on the principle of attacking everything. It is to be all blame and no praise.

☞ A gay disciple of Esculapius lately eloped with Mrs. Plank and two little Planks, whereupon Mr. Plank was a good deal bored at first, but afterwards felicitated himself upon getting rid of so much useless lumber.

☞ Dr. Coan, a missionary for years among the Sandwich Islanders, says he pictured heaven to them as a place of everlasting rest, where there would be no fighting, no war, no hunger. The picture had no charms for them. "We are too old to desire a change in our life," said they in substance. "Go to those young men over there. They are too lazy to shin up the cocoanut or bread trees to get their food—they may like to go to such a place as you describe. Or to those fellows there; they are cowards, and will be glad to go where there is no fighting. We are not afraid of it."

☞ A NEW REMEDY FOR INTOXICATION.—Military men have discovered a new remedy for intoxication, which, we believe, is not "down on the books." It is nothing more than raw potatoes, which are cut up in slices, and eaten without salt. An ordinary "murphy," it is said, will cure the most obstinate case in half an hour.

☞ The compositors' cases in the mission printing-house in China have each over 6,000 compartments for the reception of the numerous letters of the Chinese alphabet. The cases are built in the form of an amphitheatre, and the compositor stands in the middle. Every letter he sets he selects from the 6,000.

☞ The following despatch has been received by the Literary Bureau from Mark Twain:—"A son was born to me yesterday, and with the true family instinct he has gone to lecturing already. His subject is the same as Josh Billings's—'Milk.' You are hereby constituted his agent and instructed to make arrangements with lyceums."

☞ The Lancet, good medical authority, says it is a fact, although a curious one, that of the passengers in a train which met with a terrible accident lately, all, or very nearly all, who were asleep at the time, escaped uninjured—Nature's anæsthetic insuring them not only against fractures and contusions, but even against the bad effects of shaking and concussion.

☞ A clean shirt, it is said, entitles a man to a stoning in Denver.

☞ The ancient Boeotian brides were carried home in vehicles whose wheels were burned at the door in token that they would never again be needed to take them back.

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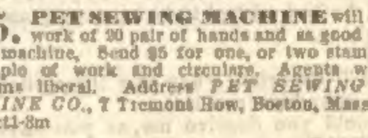

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WIT AND HUMOR.

SALLY SALTER.

Sally Salter she was a young teacher, who taught,
And her friend, Charley Church, was a preacher, who praught;
Though his enemies called him a screecher, who scraught.

His heart when he saw her, kept sinking and sunk,
And his eye, meeting hers, began winking and wunk;
While she, in her turn, fell to thinking, and thunk.

He hastened to woe her, and sweetly he wooed,
For his love grew until to a mountain it growed,
And what he was longing to do, then he dood.

In secret he wanted to speak, and he spoke,
To seek with his lips what his heart long had soke;
So he managed to let the truth leak, and it loke.

He asked her to ride to the church, and they rode;
They so sweetly did glide, that they both thought they glode,
And they came to the place to be tied, and were tode.

Then homeward he said let us drive, and they drove,
And as soon as they wished to arrive, they arrove;
For whatever he couldn't contrive, she controve.

The kiss he was dying to steal, then he stole—
At the feet where he wanted to kneel, there he knole,
And he said, "I feel better than ever I fole."

So they to each other kept clinging and clung,
While Time, in his swift circuit, was winging, and wung;
And this was the thing he was bringing and brung.

The man Sally wanted to catch, and had caught—
That she wanted from others to snatch, and had snaught—
Was the one that she now liked to scratch, and she scraught.

And Charley's warm love began freezing and froze;
While he took to teasing, and cruelly tose
The girl he had wished to be squeezing and squoze.

"Wretch!" he cried, when she threatened to leave him, and left,
"How could you deceive me, as you have deceft?"
And she answered, "I promised to cleave, and I've cleft!"

Josh Billings' Real Estate Register.

I kan sell for $1,889 a pallas, a neat and pensive retirement, lokated on the virgin banks of the Hudson, kontaining 85 akers. The land is luxuriously divided by the hand of natur and art into pastur and tillage, into plain and declivity, into stern abruptness and the dalliance of moss-tufted medder; streams of sparkling gladness (thick with trout) danse thro the wilderness of buty tew the low music of the kricket and grasshopper. The evergreen sighs as the evening zefer flirts thru its shadowy buzzum. Fruits of the tropiks in golden buty molt on the bows, and the bees go heavy and sweet from the fields to garnering hives.

The manshun is of Parian marble; the porch is a single diamond set in rubies and the mother of pearls; the floor is ox-rose-wood, and ceilins are more butiful than the starry vaults of heavin. Hot and cold water squirts and bubbles in every direction, and nothin is wantin that a poet could pra for or art could portra. The stables are worthy of the steeds of Nimrod or the studs of Akilles, and its hennery was built expressly for the birds of paradise, while somber in the distance, like the cave of a hermet, glimpses are caught of the dorg house.

Here poets hav cum and warbled their laze; here sculptors have sculpt; here painters have robbed the scene uv dreary landscapes; and here the filosofer discovered the study which made him the alkemist of nature.

Next to the northward of this thing of buty, sleeps the residence and domain of the Duke John Smith; while southward, and nearer the spice breathing tropiks, may be seen the baronial villy of Earl Brown and Duchess Widdy Betsey Jones. Walls of primitive rock, lade in Roman sement bound the estate, while upward and downward the eye catches far away the slow grandeur of the Hudson. As the young morn hangs like a curtain of silver from the blue brest of the sky, an angel may be seen each night dancing with golden tip-toes on the green.

N. B.—This angel goes with the place.

Diagrams kan be seno at the office of the broker. Terms flattering. None but principals dealt with. Title as pure as the birth of a white male infant, and possession given with the lark.

An Open Bar in a Corn-Field.

Here is a California story, told to illustrate the cunning of the crows in that region. A hired man on Napa farm was detailed to keep watch on the corn-field, and not let the black marauders invade the premises; but, like many other men in a similar situation, he tried to plan a method whereby so much labor would not have to be performed; so he hit upon a plan of soaking some corn in whiskey, and placing it in the field, so that the crows would surely get drunk; then he thought he would have a sure thing on them, and could kill them easily. He had tried to shoot them with a shot gun, but crows can smell powder a long way. After soaking some corn over night, he put a bountiful supply in the field the next morning, and in about two or three hours he went out to see how things were progressing; and mark you what followed. One of the crows, a little larger than the rest, had taken possession of almost all the corn, and built himself a bar out of clods of earth, and was retailing the whiskey-soaked corn to the other crows, charging them three grains of sprouted corn for one soaked grain. Our hired man had not the heart to kill any of the creatures that seemed in their actions so like mankind.

MISSUS AND MAID.

ELDERLY PARTY (to young housekeeper.)—"Ax parding, mam, but if you're the young woman as requires an 'ousemaid, I believe as this young lady will exackly suit yer!"

Answers to Correspondents.

Icarus—What do the balloon scouts of Paris use for ballast?

Answer—Bundles of newspapers, chiefly. Immense bales of the unsold copies of the New York —— are now exported for the purpose. They are preferred to any other papers, because, when placed anywhere in the balloon they lie so, and having already fallen from grace, falling from a balloon is nothing to them.

Taxidermist—What is the best material for stuffing ballot boxes with?

Answer—Greenbacks.

Nux Vomica—Can you give me a description of the sellebrated needall gun?

Answer—Your spelling is so eccentric that we guess you to be connected with the Tribune. As for the "needall" gun, we should define it as a gun without lock, stock, barrel, flint, percussion cap, powder, ball, or anything else.

Otis Bunker.—Was there not, in old times, a tax on fires in England, and did it not lead to an insurrection?

Answer.—No tax on fires that we ever heard of. You are thinking, probably, of the Curfew Tolls mentioned by Gray.

Simon Succotash.—The expression to "wind a horn" is frequently used. Do people wind one as they would a watch; and, if so, what sort of key do they use?

Answer.—Try the key of A Flat: you are sure to have it.

M. T. Head.—We cannot pay strangers in advance for contributions that have not been sent in by them.

Widow McRue.—How soon after my husband's death would it be proper for me to give up my weeds?

Answer.—If your husband allowed you to smoke during his life-time, we do not see why you should give up the practice after his death. Although we do not approve of women smoking, yet a fragrant weed between pearly teeth, with an azure cloud curling heavenward from it, has a certain fascination, and so our advice is, "Dry up (your tears), and light a fresh Havana."

Speculator—What is the best way to double a twenty-dollar bill?

Answer.—With a paper-folder.—*Punchinello.*

A Judicial Anecdote.

An old lady in Bangor, Maine, sends the following entertaining anecdote of one of our most distinguished fellow-citizens:

The late Senator R——, who, by-the-way, was a very portly man, was in the habit of riding over the field to consult Judge B——, his wife's cousin, on points of extra-judicial import. One morning, just as he was about to get down from his horse,—(Note by Ed.—The middle of this anecdote is so long, so dull, and has so little connection with either the head or the tail, that it is necessarily omitted.)

"Well," said the Judge, "what would you do then?"

"*I don't know,*" said the Senator. "Do you?"

If our public men were, at all times, as thoughtful as these two, the country would be better for it.—*Punchinello.*

A COUNTRYMAN'S OPINION.—Speaking of Artemus Ward recalls an incident concerning him and Ralph Waldo Emerson, which has never been published. The humorist and essayist advertised to hold forth on Thursday and Friday evenings at the same hall in New York city. By mistake a countryman who wished to witness Artemus' show, went to the hall on Thursday instead of Friday evening. On coming out at the close of Emerson's lecture, some one observed to him: "How did you like it?" "If that is Artemus Ward," responded the countryman, "all I have got to say is, he is a darned fool."

WITTY.—We met with this witty and unanswerable retort in a sketch of a short trip through a portion of Ireland. The writer is conversing with his car driver:

"You are a Catholic, Jimmy?"

"Yes, yer honor."

"And you pray to the Virgin Mary?"

"I do, yer honor."

"Well, there's no doubt she was a good woman. The Bible says so. But she may have been no better than your mother or mine."

"That's thrue, yer honor. But then you'll allow there's a mighty difference in their children!"—*Exchange Paper.*

COMFORTABLE SUICIDE.—Hall, a queer genius, had made frequent promises to his friends that he would put an end to himself. One stinging cold night he vowed he would go out and freeze to death. About seven o'clock he returned shivering, and snapping his fingers.

"Why don't you freeze?" asked a loving relative.

"By Jove!" said the pseudo suicide, "when I freeze I mean to take a warmer night than this for it."

☞ In Minnesota, last week, a sheriff was called upon to arrest his own son on a charge of murder, and to put him in jail.

Beautiful Allegory

Once on a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twigs said:—

"What is the matter, little leaf?"

"The wind," said the leaf, "just told me that one day it would pull me off, and throw me down to the ground to die!"

The twig told it to the branch on which it grew—and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent word back to the leaf—

"Do not be afraid, hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to."

And so the leaf stopped sighing, and went on nestling and singing. And so it grew all summer long till October. And when the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow and some were scarlet, and some were striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant. And the tree said—

"All these leaves are getting ready to fly away—and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy."

Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it, and when it was very gay in colors, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them, and so the leaf said:

"Oh, branch, why are you lead colored and we golden?"

"We must keep on our workclothes," said the tree, "for our life is not done yet, but your clothes are for a holiday, because your task is over."

Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up and turned it over and over, and then whirled it like a spark of fire in the air, and let it fall gently down under the edge of the fence among hundreds of leaves, and it fell into a dream, and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about.

☞ If the night air is as unhealthy as the doctors say it is, how do they account for the longevity of owls.

AGRICULTURAL.

Keeping Manure Under Barns.

There is a practice in vogue with some farmers to keep the manure of the cattle in the barn-cellar, directly under the place where the cattle are stabled. This practice is very injurious to the cattle, and should be abolished by all those who have been in the habit of pursuing it. In the first place, the manure taints the air, wherever it comes in contact with it, and consequently, as the air of the cellar cannot be prevented from circulating throughout the building, under which the cellar is placed, must necessarily have a very deleterious effect on the cattle stabled above; on the same principle that a privy or sink, placed immediately under the rooms occupied by a family, would soon cause sickness and disease to appear among them, for the general laws of health, in most cases, apply as well to the animal creation as to the human race. Some farmers, who are in the habit of keeping their manure in their barn-cellars, as above stated, may argue that the manure is kept in better condition than it would be if left in the open air; admitting this to be a fact, will the gain in the fertilising qualities of the manure, repay the loss in the health and hardiness of the cattle stabled above, saying nothing of the damage done to the hay, caused by perfumes arising from below? To show the injurious effect to cattle, stabled over a manure cellar, arising from the noxious vapors that are constantly passing up from below, if you should take a new and nicely painted carriage, and place it in the same stable, it will very soon show the effects arising from the horse manure underneath. Is it not reasonable then to conclude, that cattle and horses kept in the same place and under the same circumstances whould prove to be unhealthy? Instead of using barn-cellars to keep manure in, sheds in close proximity to the barn should be built, or such arrangements made for housing it, that it will be kept out from under the barn.—*Rural American.*

Stallions for Common Labor.

There are very few geldings in France. The reason is, the stallions are not unmanageable, vicious, and dangerous work horses, but docile, obedient, easily managed, and intelligent. There is nothing in the nature of things to prevent our having the advantage of the greater toughness, strength, spirit, fearlessness, safety (in being less liable to take fright), freedom from disease, and longer serviceableness of the stallion over the gelding, were it not that we and our ancestors have so abused the temper of the horse, that his progeny exhibit, among the unaltered males, vicious and treacherous tempers, such as make them unsafe and unreliable as work-horses, even under the kindest and most uniform treatment.

The English thoroughbreds, unexcelled for spirit, endurance, fleetness, and wind, are the most vicious of all horses. They came from the gentle, docile, affectionate Arab, and it is only the training and abuse of the English stable-boys and grooms, we verily believe, which have thus, in the course of generations, ruined the temper of the most noble of the breeds of horses. Its blood is infused through all our common stock, and to it we owe most of the characteristics for which we value our horses. Where thoroughbreds have good treatment, as under the handling of the negro grooms and riders of the Southern states, their tempers improve, and extraordinary exhibitions of vice are rare, even among stallions. The habit of using stallions is followed a great deal by French Canadians, who send to this country so many of the so-called "Kanuck" horses. These horses are small, close-knit, and powerful, and, when entire, tough beyond comparison. Whenever we meet with them, they are praised for easy keeping qualities, great endurance, and freedom from ordinary ills, and are seldom complained of as vicious.

Do we not, in our ordinary treatment, sacrifice a great part of the usefulness and serviceableness of the horse, in rendering him more tractable, more liable to disease, and less intelligent and spirited? Is it not worth while to make the experiment oftener of rearing stallions for labor, though it require more patience, gentleness, and kindness on the part of those who handle them, and repeated floggings, administered with a will, for any stable-boys who dare to pinch or tickle, or to ruffle their tempers.—*American Agriculturist.*

Sawdust for Bedding.

Inquiries are often made in regard to sawdust as a bedding and as manure. We can say, from experience, that it makes the cleanest, softest and most easily handled bedding for a horse, of anything we have ever used for that purpose, or any article with which we are acquainted. It is a good absorbent of moisture, and readily takes up the urine and holds it for a time, but we do not think it will hold it as permanently as muck.

Undoubtedly dried muck is the most valuable for a bedding to hold and retain the liquids, but it is very dirty, and not suitable for such use. Then again there is a great difference in the value of the different kinds of sawdust. For example, while hard pine sawdust from the shipyard is pure and sweet, even fragrant, and readily takes up the urine, it is not so valuable or good for the soil as hard wood dust, or even our native soft wood dust from spruce, hemlock, &c. The reason is, because the pine is full of resin, which is almost water and rot-proof. It will last quite a time and not decay—whereas the hard wood readily and rapidly decays, thus furnishing a small amount of manure to the soil.

Of course it is not expected that the manurial value of sawdust is very great, nor is that quality much taken into consideration. Upon light soils it does not produce a good effect, because its action is to make it lighter. In fact, the action of sawdust upon soils is more mechanical than manurial, as we generally understand the term. Hence, sawdust applied to heavy, clayey soils, produces beneficial effects, and the more it is soaked with urine the better.

Some farmers are so situated that they can readily obtain sawdust from neighboring mills, but we do not recommend its use so long as some other article of greater manurial value can be obtained. With persons living in villages and cities, and livery stables, who have no farms to feed, it is different, and for their use we know of nothing superior to sawdust for bedding for stable-kept animals.—*Maine Farmer.*

Keeping Dahlias Through Winter.

When the frost has killed the stems of dahlias, the tubers should be dug up, and if put in some place where they will dry for a day or two will do no harm. The stocks should be cut off to within six or eight inches of the root, but in no case divide or remove any single tuber, because eyes or buds from which flowering stems will be produced next season are situated on or near the point of junction between the old stem and tubers, and not elsewhere, as on the potato. When the tubers are sufficiently dry to allow the soil to be easily brushed off, they should be packed loosely in barrels or boxes, and *very* dry sand poured among them until all the open spaces between the roots are filled. It is usually necessary to prepare the sand expressly for this purpose, and those who have dahlias that they intend to keep through the winter will do well to get a few bushels of sand ready for use. After the roots are properly packed, the vessels containing them may be placed in a dry, warm cellar or room, where no frost is likely to enter. Nurserymen and florists who grow dahlias in large quantities, usually keep them in a place especially prepared for that purpose; but amateurs will find that the method we have given is a safe one, at the same time and inexpensive.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Fix Up for Winter.

A spare day can be profitably spent in repairing the stables and barns. Much feed is wasted every winter, by having barns and stables so open that every chilling blast of wind reaches the animals sheltered. Young stock, especially, are very sensitive to cold, and they must be sheltered, or their growth will be retarded. Aside from this, a farm with snug, neat outbuildings looks better and adds to the value of the farm.

Make your poultry-houses as warm as you possibly can, with proper ventilation; and when eggs get up to forty or fifty cents a dozen they will repay you for all your care and expense. If possible, place the house on the south side of the barn or sheds, so that it will be protected as much as possible from the cold, bleak north and northwest wind. A good plan is to plank up the outside, and upon the inside nail up with any odds and ends of boards, and fill the space with sawdust, shavings, mortar, or in fact anything that will keep out the wind. Keep everything thoroughly clean about poultry.—*Kansas Farmer.*

SHEEP VS. BRIARS AND WEEDS.—Almost every farmer, at least in the old states, finds some part of his land infested with bushes and briars, which seem to flourish by cutting, if he finds time to cut them, and which the ruggedness of his soil precludes his exterminating by the plough. In every such case, sheep are his natural allies, his unpaid police—his vigilant and thoroughgoing assistants. Give them an even start in spring with the bushes and briars; let their number be sufficient; and they are very sure to come out ahead in the fall.—*Horace Greeley.*

THE RIDDLER.

Biblical Enigma.

I am composed of 75 letters.
My 2, 22, 10, 66, 28, 60, 57, was an ancient king.
My 8, 26, 39, 61, 1, 19, 73, was an ancient town.
My 12, 32, 3, 21, 14, 49, 74, is a tree.
My 16, 46, 6, 53, 35, 23, 70, was a martyr.
My 20, 13, 3, 38, 47, 67, 72, was an ancient tribe.
My 25, 4, 42, 3, 69, 14, 55, is a bird.
My 29, 51, 7, 15, 25, 34, 48, was an ancient city.
My 35, 71, 9, 44, 66, 17, 27, was a musical instrument.
My 41, 52, 18, 3, 65, 54, 30, is a gem.
My 44, 4, 37, 14, 45, 58, 31, is a plant.
My 50, 57, 43, 12, 66, 13, 63, is a flower.
My 56, 26, 40, 32, 5, 38, 1, was an ancient province.
My 62, 44, 10, 33, 64, 60, 11, was a fallen angel.
My 68, 28, 19, 20, 3, 13, 59, was an ancient country.
My whole is a verse in the Bible.

Sheffield, Pa. ISOLA.

Charade.

Think of a tree within whose shade
I'm sitting now, by the way.
Next of a vine that grows thereon,
Much used at the present day.
Again of what you often do,
And will yet, come woe or weal.
Then, together, of a queer machine,
Banished now with the spinning wheel.

DOT AND DASH.

Platteville, Ohio.

Riddle.

My 1st is in corn, but not in rye.
My 2d is in flour, but not in pie.
My 3d is in then, but not in there.
My 4th is in what, but not in where.
My 5th is in ever, but not in alway.
My 6th is in praying, but not in pray.
My 7th is in weather, but not in wind.
My whole is the mark of a quiet mind.

Holyoke, Mass. AMICUS.

Problem.

A gentleman had invested $4,000 in a thriving business, which yielded unto him a yearly per cent. of profit; out of this profit he yearly expended $512 for maintenance of himself and family; the balance thereof, together with each former year's stock, he yearly invested again in the same business, with the same ratio of increase, (always abetting the above named $512 yearly expenses.) At the end of five years it was found that the whole five years' gain exceeded the original stock by $106. What was the yearly ratio per cent. of the increase? HILDEBERT KOBEL.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

There is a rectangular box, whose length and breadth are each 18 inches, and whose depth is 21 inches.

Required—the greatest number of 3-inch balls that can be placed within the box.

I. T. P.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a young lawyer like the national currency? Ans.—Because he is a legal tender and somewhat green.

☞ What is that which Adam never saw, never possessed, and yet he gave to each of his children? Ans.—Parents.

☞ What ancient sage might you suppose was the inventor of dancing? Ans.—Plato.

☞ What was the first thing Adam planted in the garden? Ans.—His foot.

☞ Why are good husbands like dough? Ans.—Because women need them.

☞ What is the largest rope in the world? Ans.—Europe.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—"Break, Break, Break." RIDDLE.—Argentine Confederation. CHARADE.—Tomato. To-ma-to.

Answers to Legal Question by X:

For the plaintiff—none.

For the defendant—X, Daniel Diefenbach, O. R. Sheldon, F. B. Walker, Crawford Brown, L. M. Wilson.

We think the following letter presents the subject in a proper light:—

EDITORS SAT. EVE. POST: *Gents*—In answer to "A Legal Question," I should say that the 10 bushels of wheat advanced to B was a simple loan, to be repaid at the end of the harvest, *with interest*, based on the market value of the wheat at the time it was furnished. Yours, respectfully,

F. B. WALKER.

RECEIPTS.

INDIA PICKLE.—Fifteen old cucumbers; pare, seed, and cut them in thin strips; spread them on a board, strewn thickly with salt; let them stand twelve hours; then expose them to the sun, turning until perfectly dry, avoiding the night air: wash them in vinegar; put a layer of mustard-seed, onions, a stick grated horse-radish. Simmer in 1 quart vinegar, ½ oz. tumeric, ½ oz. race ginger, (both tied in a bag) allspice whole, a few cloves and cinnamon. When cool, pour it over the cucumbers. Excellent, and improves by age.

QUINCE MARMALADE.—Gather the fruit when quite ripe; pare, quarter, and core it; boil the skins in the water, measuring a teacupful to a pound of fruit; when they are soft, mash and strain them, and put back the water into the preserving kettle; add the quinces, and boil them until they are soft enough to mash fine; rub through a sieve, and put three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit; stir them well together, and boil them over a slow fire until it will fall like jelly from the spoon. Put it in pots or tumblers.

LIMA BEANS, picked ripe, and put on a garret floor to dry; then shelled and put in bags in a dry place, will keep. Soak them over night.

TO KEEP APPLES AND PEARS.—Put them in air-tight vessels, and place them in the cellar in a temperature between 32 and 40. In this way, says the "Horticulturist," these fruits may be preserved, in perfect order for eating, all winter.

Another Way.—Wrapping each apple or pear in paper, answers well also.